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THIRTEEN SATIRES

OF

JUVENAL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH, AFTER THE LATIN TEXT OF J. E. B. MAYOR, M.A.

BY

ALEXANDER LEEPER, M.A.,

WARDEN OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE; LATE SCHOLAR OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

London: MACMILLAN AND CO. 1882

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PREFACE.

The following translation has been made with a view of giving a rendering of Juvenal which should, combine accuracy with some elegance of style. We had originally intended to publish it in conjunction with the text and a commentary upon the thirteen Satires usually read in schools and colleges; but for reasons with which we need not trouble our readers we have decided to issue at once the first instalment of our edition. Such as it is, it is the fruit of much thought and labour. We have had the advantage of executing the translation while engaged in lecturing upon Juvenal to University students, so that some difficulties which seem to have been lightly passed over by most commentators have been pressed upon our attention.

It is needless to say that the English edition from which we have derived most aid is that of Professor Mayor (Macmillan and Co., 1880). It leaves, indeed, little for any future editor to add, and displays a wealth of learning and an accuracy of research, which may make our countrymen tolerate with more complacency than heretofore the contemptuous silence with which German critics too often pass over English editions of the classics. In Teuffel's list of the editions of Juvenal mentioned as

'erwähnenswerth' there does not appear the name of a single English commentator, nor is the work of any English critic named as worthy of perusal in connection with Juvenal.

It were, however, to be wished that Professor Mayor had made his edition complete by giving some information about the MSS. of Juvenal together with fuller textual criticism. In many cases where he has introduced changes into the text as given in his small edition, he has done so without assigning any reason.* But he seems to possess an almost instinctive perception of the shade of meaning which the satirist means to convey: a perception to be acquired only by a profound knowledge of and sympathy with the author, coupled with a wide and exact study of the contemporary literature. His translation of the Tenth Satire is a masterpiece in itself. Had Professor Mayor seen fit to translate the rest of the Satires, this version would have been superfluous.

H. A. STRONG.
ALEX. LEEPER.

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY, 20th Dec. 1881.

^{*}e.g., change of word, vii. 151, 218; change of punctuation, i. 105, iii. 116, iv. 7, viii. 27; change of spelling, vii. 61; verses 'uncis inclusi,' on which no suspicion is cast in earlier edition, iii. 113, 281, iv. 8, 78, v. 66, vii. 138, 881, viii. 160, 202—3, xii. 29, xiii. 90, 183, 187—9, 236, xiv. 208—9, xv. 44—8, 97—8.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL.

I.

What! always a mere hearer! What! never to retort, bored as I am so often by the Theseid of Cordus hoarse with reciting! Shall it then be for nothing that you fellow has spouted his comedies, another his elegies? For nothing that bulky Telephus has taken up an entire day, or Orestes, who has filled the border at the end of the roll, and has now spread even to the back, and is not yet finished? Not a man knows his own home better than I know Mars' grove and Vulcan's cave hard by the Aeolian rocks. All the plans of the winds, the lists of ghosts whom Aeacus is torturing, the spot whence another is carrying home the gold of the smuggled sheepskin, how huge the mountain ashes which Monychus is hurling about—all this Fronto's plane-trees and ruptured statues are continually bawling, and his columns cracked with the everlasting spouting. You

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may look for the same themes from poets high and low. Why I, too, have flinched from the cane; and I, too, have tendered my advice to Sulla to quit office and get sound sleep: 'tis misplaced kindness, when at every turn you run against so many inspired bards, to spare the sheet sure to become waste paper. But why my fancy prefers to run on the course along which Aurunca's great foster-son guided his racers, if you have time, and if you can calmly take in my reasons, I will tell you.

When a womanish eunuch takes a wife, and a Mevia spears the Tuscan boar, bares her breasts, and handles the lance: when the whole patrician order are rivalled in wealth by one, beneath whose clipping hand my strong beard rustled in my younger days: when this sprig of the proletariat of the Nile, this serf born and bred in Canopus—Crispinus—hitches up his Tyrian mantle with his shoulder, and on his sweating fingers airs his summer ring, and cannot bear the weight of a larger stone: 'tis hard not to write satire. For who could be so tolerant of our cruel city, who so cased in steel, as to contain himself when there comes by the brand-new litter of Lawyer Matho, filled with his single self: and, following on him, the traitor to his high-placed friend, who shortly will lay hands upon the remnants of our nobility half eaten up, a man from whom Massa shrinks, whom

Carus mollifies by a bribe, and Latinus by sending stealthily his Thymele at a moment's notice: when you must make way for those who earn a place in a will by foul night-scenes, men who are exalted to the heaven of their hopes by what is to-day the surest path to the highest preferment—the passion of a monied hag? Proculeius gets a poor twelfth, but Gillo eleven-twelfths; each his due share inherits according to his capacity for vice. By all means let him pocket his blood-money, and blench like one who has trodden barefoot on a snake, or like a speaker preparing to declaim at the altar of Lyons. Need I tell of the passion which parches and burns. my heart, when you plunderer of his ward, now a prostitute, hustles the people with the throngs of his clients: or another—Marius—who, condemned by an empty verdict (for who cares for infamy, so the cash be safe?), sits in his exile carousing from two o'clock, and chuckles at the wrath of the gods, while you, poor province! get your verdict, and yet lament? Surely I may well deem this worthy of the midnight oil of the Venusian. Surely I may pursue these themes. Nay, what themes rather? The Gestes of Hercules or of Diomede, or the bellowing in the Maze, or the sea struck by the boy and the Flying Joiner —when the pandar-husband inherits the goods of the adulterer, since the wife cannot lawfully inherit:

well trained in eyeing the ceiling, and trained, too, in snoring over his cups with nose well awake: when a fellow deems it natural to look for the charge of a cohort who has given his property to the stables, and has lost all his ancestral property, as, with car at racing speed, he flies down the Flaminian Way; this young Automedon: yes, handling the reins himself, and showing off to his Bloomer mistress? Isn't one tempted to fill even in the middle of the cross-ways one's biggest note-books, when there comes sweeping by a forger—with six pairs of shoulders already to support him: open to the public gaze to right and left, and his sedan almost uncurtained, reminding you strongly of Maecenas, that arrant lounger-who by a fraud had made himself an aristocrat and a millionaire with a scrap of writing and a wet seal? Then there faces you a matron of position, who, when about to hand the mellow Calenian, when her husband thirsts, infuses toad-juice, and, improving on Lucusta, teaches her unsophisticated kinswomen in the teeth of the town's talk to carry out to burial their husbands' livid corpses. Dare some deed to entitle you to Gyara's narrow bounds, or a jail, if you would be a somebody. Goodness gets praise and starves. It is to crimes men owe their pleasuregrounds, their castles, their banquets, their old silver, and the beaker with the goat's figure in high relief.

Who can rest for the corrupter who plays on his daughter-in-law's avarice? for the thought of betrothed ones falling, and adulterers in their teens? Even if Nature says no, indignation makes verse—the best it can: such as mine or Cluvienus's.

All men's doings,—from the time when the storm-clouds swelled the sea, and Deucalion scaled the mountain in his bark, and asked an oracle, and little by little the stones grew soft and glowed with life, and Pyrrha displayed to suitors the girls unrobed,—their wishes, their fears, their passion, their caprice, their joys, their fuss-such is the medley of my book. And when was vice's crop ever more abundant? When did avarice open her purse wider? When had gambling such spirit? Why, now men don't go to the hazard of the table, their cashbox by their side, but they stake the whole chest and play! What a huge mêlée you'll there seetheir cashier handing them weapons! Is it mere ordinary madness to lose a hundred sesterces, and not to give the shivering slave his tunic? Who of our ancestors ever reared as many villas or dined in private on seven courses? To-day a tiny dole-basket is set on the outskirts of the vestibule for the gowned crowd to scramble for. Even so, the patron first scans your face, and is in a fidget lest you may come as an impostor, and make your appeal under a false

name. Once identified you'll get your gift. The patron orders the very blue blood of Troy to be summoned by his herald; for blue blood, too, throngs the door, as well as we. 'Give to the practor first and then to the tribune.' 'Nay, but the freedman is first.' 'I was here first,' he cries. 'Why should I hesitate or shrink from keeping my place, born though I was by Euphrates, as my womanlike earringholes would declare, though I myself said no? Still five shops bring me in the magic four hundred. What does the broader purple offer worth a wish, if a Corvinus is keeping sheep for pay down in the Laurentine district, while I own more than Pallas or a Licinus?' Let them wait, then, these tribunes: let riches carry the day: let him decline to budge for the sacred office who only lately came to town with whitened feet: since there is no divinity so sacred with us as Cash, even though, O baneful Pelf, thou hast thy home in no temple yet: though we have reared no altars to Coin, as Peace and Honour, Victory and Virtue are worshipped, and Concord, who hails her brood and twitters. But when the chief magistrate calculates at the year's end what the dole-basket brings in, how much it adds to his accounts, what will the poor retainers do who owe to this their gowns and shoes, their bread and the fire of their hearth! A regular crowd of litters begs for the hundred mites, and the wife follows her husband, sickly, maybe, or *enceinte*, and goes the round with him Here's one who begs for an absentee—an adept now at the trick oft practised—pointing to the sedan empty and curtained which serves for his wife. 'Tis my Galla,' says he, 'pass her on, quick! Why so long? Galla, put your head out! Nay, don't disturb her, she'll be napping.'

The day, too, is cut up by a noble round of engagements. First the dole: then comes the Forum and Apollo, that finished advocate, and the heroes of those triumphal statues, amongst whose number some Egyptian effendi has dared to set his title, whose effigy the law allows to treat with every insult. They make from the door, those old retainers now exhausted, and give over their prayers, although man's longest cherished hope is his dinner. Poor fellows! they must buy their kail and fuel out of the dole. Meantime, their monarch will gulp down all the good things of woodland and of ocean, and in lonely grandeur will recline on the deserted dinnercouch. For, with all their store of handsome and spreading table-slabs, antique as they are, they glut whole fortunes at a single board*. Why, soon there'll

^{*} Though possessed of so many fine tables at which they might sumptuously entertain their friends, they use but one for their solitary selfish excesses.

be no parasite at all. But who could tolerate such niggardly indulgence? What a monstrous throat, to serve up for itself a boar whole, an animal created for dinner-parties! But punishment is nigh, when you put off your clothes, with swollen paunch, and carry with you into the bath an undigested peacock. Hence come sudden deaths and old age without a will; and, topic of every dinner-table, more startling than sad, the funeral goes its way amid the plaudits of disappointed friends.

There will be nothing further for posterity to add to our corruption; our descendants' actions and passions will be even as ours. All evil has attained its zenith. Up with your sails, unfurl every reef! Perhaps you may here ask, Whence find brains equal to the subject? Whence fetch our fathers' simple habit of writing in the passion of the moment whatever they pleased? 'Whose name dare I not mention? Who cares whether Mucius condone my jests or not?' Portray Tigellinus, and you'll have to glow for it in you pitch fire in which the wretches stand burning who smoke with their breasts transfixed—the fire which marks the broad furrow drawn down the arena's midst. Is he then who has dosed three uncles with aconite to be carried on a soft hammock, and thence to look down scornfully on us? 'When he shall come over against you, lay your finger on your lip. He'll be an informer who shall say but the word "That's he." You may set Aeneas and the savage Rutulian by the ears quite fearlessly. Smiting Achilles gives no one a pang; neither does the long Quest of Hylas, who went the way of his urn. But as often as Lucilius in burning passion, so to say, draws his sword, and grinds his teeth, his hearer reddens whose conscience is chilly at the thought of crimes, and whose heart is hot with sin unspoken. Hence anger and tears! So consider this well before the trumpet sound. The helmet donned, too late to rue your quarrel.' Then I'll try what licence is given me towards the men whose ashes are covered by the Flaminian and Latin Ways.

III.

Although distracted at the separation from my old friend, yet I commend his intention of making his home in deserted Cumae, and of giving the Sibyl at least one citizen. 'Tis the vestibule of Baiae—a delightful watering-place in picturesque retirement. For my own part I prefer even Prochyta to the Suburra. For what spot has ever yet been seen so

desolate and deserted, that you would not prefer it to a constant terror of fires and falling houses, and the countless other perils of this unfeeling city, where poets spout under an August sun? But while his whole establishment was being stowed away in a single van, Umbricius stopped hard by the old arches of the dripping Capena, and hereupon we went down to where Numa kept nightly tryst with his goddessmistress, but where now the grove and shrine of the holy stream are let out to the Jews, whose basket and wisp of hay make all their furniture—for all the trees have been called on to pay rent to the State: the wood is a mass of beggars, and the native Muses have been ejected. Well, down we went into Egeria's valley and the grottoes so different from nature's handiwork. How much better would the spirit of the stream make his presence felt, if turf but fringed the waters with a marge of green, and if no marble profaned the native tufa! And there and then Umbricius begins:-- 'Since,' said he, 'there is no room in Town for honest industry, no recompense for toil, and since my capital to-day is less than yesterday, and yet again to-morrow will lose some more from its small residue, I plan migrating to the spot where Daedalus doffed his weary wings, whilst my grey hairs are now first showing, whilst old age is still fresh and upright, whilst some of my life's thread is

left for destiny to spin, and whilst I carry myself upon my own limbs without a staff's support beneath my hand. I must leave my birthplace. Artorius and Catulus can live in your midst, and they may stay who can swear black is white, who scruple not to take temple, river, harbour contracts, contracts for emptying sewers, or bearing a corpse to the pyre, nor to put up their goods (when all has failed,) to be disposed of by the auction sale. You fellows, once the fuglemen and regular hangers-on of the village circus, whose puffed cheeks were a familiar sight through all the country towns, are now the givers of the shows, and butcher, for the mob's delight, the wretch on whom it passes sentence with thumbs turned inwards; then, turning from this, they farm the public jakes. And why not go the whole round? 'Tis such as these that Fortune in her frolic moods uplifts from meanness to the pinnacle of power. What should I do at Rome? I have no skill in lying. When a book's bad, I can't pay compliments and beg its loan. I cannot read the stars, and cannot-no, and would not-promise to a son his father's speedy death. I never peered for auguries in frogs' insides. The art of bearing to a married dame the gifts and messages of her paramour I leave to others. No peculator shall ever find an accomplice in me; and so in no governor's suite do I go abroad,

as though I were a cripple—a useless carcass with a withered limb. Who now can gain a friend unless he be a confidant in crime, unless his fevered heart throb with the guilty secret his tongue may never tell? Nought does he think he owes you—nought will he ever pay you, who has made you the repository of a harmless confidence. Verres' favourite will be the man who can prosecute Verres at any moment. But prize not all the sands of shady Tagus, nor all its seaward rolling gold so highly that for its sake you would consent to lose your sleep, and to your sorrow take a bribe you must one day resign, and be the constant terror of your powerful friend.

'And now I will at once admit to you—no sense of shame shall stop me—what class is most in favour with our wealthy men, and whom most of all I would escape from. My fellow-citizens, I cannot stand a Grecized Rome; and yet, after all, what a fraction of our canaille are Achaia's sons! Syrian Orontes has long been a tributary of the Tiber, and has carried there his language and morals, his slanting harps and pipers, the timbrels of the country and the girls sent to ply their trade at the Circus. Thither away, all ye who love an outlandish strumpet in a gaudy turban. Your yeoman citizen, Quirinus, dons his Greek boots, and wears a Greek prize collar upon a neck that shines with Greek ointment. Here

is one who has forsaken Sicyon on the Hill, another Amydon, a third Andros, another Samos, another Tralles or Alabanda—all bound for the Esquiline, and the hill that is the osier's namesake, even now the intimates of great men's households and their destined masters. Their wits are all alive; their effrontery desperate; and readiness of speech is theirs—a flood of words that beats Isaeus. Say now, what, think you, is his line? Why, he puts himself at our service a Jack-of-all-trades—a critic, rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer, prophet, ropedancer, doctor, sorcerer. The starveling Greek knows all the sciences. Order him up to heaven, and he'll be off. In short, it was no Moor, no Pole, or Thracian, that took wings and flew, but one born in the heart of Athens. Shall I not flee their purple robes? Is yonder fellow, whom the wind blew to Rome with our plums and figs, to have the pas of me in signing a will? Is he to pillow his form on a better seat? Is it to go so utterly for nought that my babyhood breathed the air of Aventine, and was brought up on the Sabine berry? See how that nation of accomplished flatterers can praise a friend's conversation if he be a blockhead, his features if hideous; how they compare some weakling's scraggy neck with the throat of Hercules hoisting Antaeus high from the ground, or admire a squeaky voice as little pleasing

in its tone as e'en the cry of amorous cock. True, we might flatter just as they, but they are thought sincere. Is there a comic actor better than they at playing of a Thais, or a matron, or a Dorian so spruce without her shawl, although, to all appearance, 'tis a real woman speaks, and not a stage impersonation, although you'd swear there was a woman's form before your eyes? No, not Antiochus even, no Stratocles, nor yet Demetrius, nor girlish Haemus would rouse astonishment in Greece. 'Tis a nation of actors. If you but smile, your Greek with heartier merriment shakes his sides; he weeps outright if he has spied a tear in his friend's eye, and yet he feels no grief. If in the winter season you ask for a bit of fire, he seizes on a rug; should you exclaim, "I'm warm," he breaks into a sweat By night or day he never fails to take his cue from another's look, ready to throw up his hands and applaud, if his patron has given a loud hiccough, or drained to the bottom his golden goblet with a gurgling sound. Aye, and nothing is held sacred by them, nothing is safe from their lust-neither the mistress of the house, nor your unmarried daughter, nor her betrothed, still beardless, nor your son, untainted hitherto. If none of these is to be found, he debauches his friend's grandmother. And, since we've come to talk of Greeks, leave out

of count the playgrounds of vice, and hear a crime of 'A Higher Degree.' Bareas, although his friend and pupil, was done to death by an old Stoic turning informer, who was bred on that river-side where lighted the pinion of the nag of Gorgon breed. No opening is left for any Roman here beneath the rule of a Protogenes, a Diphilus, or Hermarchus, who, true to the national failing, never shares a friend, but keeps him to himself; for, when he has infused into his patron's too ready ear one drop of the poison he owes to his nature and his country, the door is shut on me, the years of constant devotion go for nought. In no place is a client's loss of less account.

'Nay, not to flatter ourselves, of what avail at Rome are a poor man's friendly offices or service rendered, however diligent he be to hurry off in full dress ere daybreak to pay his call, when a town magistrate is urging on his marshal, and bids him go at topmost speed, for childless widows long have been awake, and haply one of his learned brethren may be the first to say good morning to Albina and Modia? Here we have one of gentle blood yielding the place of honour to a wealthy slave, for the latter can give to one of his high-born mistresses the pay of all a legion's officers each time he seeks her favours, while you can scarce afford the lowest kind of dissipation. At Rome, if you produce a witness

of character as spotless as Cybele's entertainer nay, though Numa himself come into court, or he who rescued scared Minerva from her temple on fire -straightway we refer to his income; the last enquiry made will be of character. "How many servants does he keep? How many acres of State land does he hold? Number and size of the dishes on his table?" The value of one's word is measured strictly by the cash in one's coffer. Swear, if you will, by the shrines of all the gods of Rome and Samothrace to boot; if poor, it is thought that you despise Heaven and its thunders, and that the gods themselves don't take offence. And see what food and cause for merriment the poor man yields us all, with his shabby, ragged cloak, or gown a little soiled, or if one of his shoes gapes where the leather has burst, or, where the rent has been sewn up, a number of patches show the coarse fresh stitching. This is the hardest trial that wretched penury brings with it—it makes a man a laughing-stock. "Off the Knights' cushions, for very shame! Let him clear out!" they cry, "his means don't satisfy the statute's terms! And give those seats to pimps' brats spawned in some harlot's den. Here let the son of a spruce auctioneer clap hands among a prize-fighter's foppish boys and a fencing-master's bullies. Such the pleasure of empty-headed Otho, who railed us off."

Who is approved as a son-in-law at Rome, if his income is below the mark, and does not match the lady's fortune? What poor man is ever named in a will? When is he a police-magistrate's assessor? The poor Quirites ought long ago to have migrated in a body. 'Tis hard for them to rise whose worth is crushed by pinching poverty; but at Rome they have the sorest struggle. What a price for the shabbiest lodging! What a price for servants' food! What a price for a plain dinner! And here you blush to dine off earthenware, which you would say was no disgrace, were you transported suddenly among the Marsi or to a Sabine board. There, too, you'd wear contentedly the coarse, green countrycape. Through much of Italy (if we can admit that truth to ourselves,) none wear the citizen's gown till dead. And e'en what time they solemnise in sodbuilt theatre the festal rites of holy days, and when the favourite farce now comes upon the boards once more, and when the peasant's babe, at its mother's breast, shrinks in terror from the ghastly mask with its abysmal mouth, you'll see a uniform attire for populace and reserved seats alike, and even the high and mighty village magistrates content themselves with white blouses, as garb of their exalted office. In Rome men dress with showiness beyond their means, and what they crave above requirements too

oft is taken from a neighbour's coffer. The vice is universal. We live like paupers aping their betters. At Rome, in short, everything means expense. What a price you pay to be at length allowed a morning call on Cossus, or for Veiento's silent patronising bow! Your patron shaves a favourite slave, and consecrates the hair. The house is full of cakes—FOR SALE! So take your cake, and take this thought to leaven it: We poor dependants have to pay blackmail to swell the perquisites of pampered menials.

'Who fears or ever feared the fall of a house at cool Praeneste or Volsinii embosomed among wooded hills, or in unsophisticated Gabii, or on the heights of sloping Tivoli? But the city we live in is, much of it, shored up with flimsy buttresses. For thus the landlord stays our fall, and, covering over the old gaping crack, while a crash is imminent, he bids us sleep in peace. There must I live where fires and night-alarms are unknown. Hark! Ucalegon is bawling for water; and now he's shifting his furniture; and, there you are! the third story's smoking, you all unconscious! For, if there's a panic on the ground floor, the last to burn will be the lodger with but one tile 'twixt him and the rain, there where the gentle turtles lay their eggs. Codrus had a bed too short for Procula and six little pipkins to make his sideboard gay. Besides, there was a

tiny drinking-bowl beneath, and a recumbent Chiron. too, under the marble slab, and a hamper now wellworn held his Greek books, where Barbarian mice kept nibbling at the inspired poems. In fact, Codrus had nothing. Too true. Still he has lost all that nothing, poor soul! And this, to crown his woeswhen he is naked and begging for scraps, none will relieve him with food, not one with lodging and shelter. But if rich Asturicus' grand mansion has perished, mothers put on weeds, the nobility goes into mourning, the judge adjourns the court. Ah! then we lament the accidents of city life and hate the very name of fire! While still it is burning, one hurries up to offer to give the marble and share the cost of rebuilding. Another will send white marble nudes: another some master-piece of Euphranor or Polyclitus, time-honoured works that graced the shrines of slippered gods; and another again will offer books and cases, and with them a figure of Minerva: and another a bushel of silver. Persicus, most sumptuous of childless men, replaces what he lost with better articles and more of them, and is at once, and rightly, too, suspected of having fired his house with his own hand. If you can tear yourself from the circus games, you can buy an excellent house at Sora, Fabrateria or Frusino for one years rent of your dark garret. There, with your bit of garden, and shallow well, whose water needs no rope to lift it, but is with ease drawn off and poured upon the tiny plants, live on, a votary of the pitchfork and landlord of a trim garden, from which you could dine a hundred Pythagoreans. 'Tis something in any region, in any corner of earth, to have made yourself lord of a single lizard.

'Many a patient here is killed by sleeplessness. The illness comes of undigested food that clogs the inflamed stomach (for in what lodging-house can sleep be had? Sleep in town is expensive, and this is the root of the disease.) The traffic of carts in narrow winding streets and the din when a herd of cattle is blocked, would waken even Drusus and seacalves.

'If social duty call your rich man forth, the crowd will give way as he is borne along, and he will speed on above their heads in his big palanquin. Upon the way he'll read or write, or even doze inside, (for the litter with its windows closed invites slumber,) and yet he'll get there first. As we hurry on, we are stopped by the surging mass in front, while a great host of people following press at our back; one digs me with his elbow, a second with the hard pole of a litter, a third bangs my sconce with a beam, another with a jar. My legs are caked with mud; and then those around trample me with

their big feet, and a soldier's hob-nail pierces my toe. See what a smoke rises from the crowd round 'The Dole;'—a hundred pensioners, each with his private stove behind him. Scarce could Corbulo bear on top of his head all those big utensils, all that gear, which the poor little slave carries with straight neck, keeping the fire alive by his rapid movement. The poor men's blouses, not long mended, are torn afresh, as a float comes on with a tall fir swaying to and fro, and a waggon besides, carrying a pine-tree, which nods high in air, and bodes mischief to the crowd. For, suppose a dray loaded with Ligurian marble has turned over, and, upsetting that mountain of rock, has discharged it on the troops of people, what is there left of them? who can identify the limbs and bones? Their vulgar carcasses are ground to dust, and disappear like a breath. Meanwhile their unsuspecting households are already washing the plates, blowing up the little fire, making a clatter as they oil the flesh-scrapers, and laying out towels and fresh-filled ointment-bottle; but, while the servants briskly ply their various tasks, the master, even now, seated on the river-bank, is shuddering at the strange spectacle of the grim ferryman, nor can he hope, poor soul! to cross the turbid stream, having no copper in his mouth wherewith to pay.

'Consider, now, the other and distinctive perils

of the night; how high those towering housetops from which a potsherd strikes your skull! Think how often cracked or broken earthenware is thrown from the windows! See with what force it dents and scores the flint pavement! You may well be called heedless and careless of sudden mishaps, if you go out to dine, and no will made: so true it is that death waits for you at every open lighted window that you pass that night. Then hope and pray with silent pitiful vows that the windows may content themselves with emptying on you the broad foot-pans. Your drunken bravo, too, if so be he has broke no head, suffers for it by spending such a night as Peleus' son, when mourning for his friendnow lying on his face, now turning on his back. A brawl induces slumber. But, spite the recklessness of youth and heat of wine, he gives a safe berth to one from whom he is warned off by his scarlet mantle and long-drawn escort, with many a torch besides, and a lamp of bronze; but, as for me, who have generally only the moon to see me home, or else a short-lived candle, whose wick I husband and economise—me he but scorns. Hark to the prelude to the wretched fight, if that be a fight where you bestow and I just take the knocks. He stands in front, and bids me halt. I must obey; for what is one to do when in the power of a madman stronger than oneself? "Whence come you?" he yells. "With whose sour wine, whose beans is your belly filled? What cobbler has shared with you his cutleek and sodden sheep's-head? Do you not answer me? Speak, or be kicked! Out with it! Where do you stand to beg? In what praying-shop am I to look for you?" Whether you try to speak or silently retreat, it's all one; they cudgel you all the same, and then, in their spite, hold you to bail. This is the poor man's privilege. Thrashed, he may beg; mangled with buffets, may entreat permission to go home with a few teeth still left. Nor is this all you have to fear. Plenty there'll be to rob you, when the houses are shut up, the shop doors everywhere barred and chained, and all is still. Sometimes, too, armed banditti go suddenly to work. At such times as the Pontine Marsh and Gallinarian Pine Wood are kept in safety by a military guard, thence they all swarm to Rome as to their feedingground. What furnace, what anvil is not forging heavy chains? Most of our iron is used on fetters, and so you well might fear a dearth of ploughshares, a scarcity in rakes and mattocks. Happy, you may say, were our grandsires' grandsires, and blest the age of Kings and Tribunes long ago, which saw Rome contented with a single gaol.

'To these I could add many other reasons. But

my team calls me; the sun is setting; I must away. The muleteer has long been signalling to me with brandished whip. And so farewell. Do not forget me; and oft as Rome consigns you, anxious to recruit your health, to the care of your native Aquinum, beguile me too from Cumae to visit Helvian Ceres and your patroness Diana. I'll don my military boots, and come to your cool fields for active service with your satires, unless they are ashamed of my aid.'

IV.

Crispinus again! Yes, I must often bring him on the stage. The monster! without one virtue to redeem his vice. Effete voluptuary! feeble in everything but lust! Adulterer! who confines his attentions to married ladies. What matter then how huge the colonnades where he gallops his team, how vast the shady groves where he takes an airing in his litter, how many acres and what mansions he has bought near the Forum? Incestuous wretch! who late debauched a vestal with her sacred cincture on, and doomed her to a living tomb. But now I speak of faults less heinous indeed, yet such as if another

had committed, he would be cast before the censor: for sins that would disgrace worthy Titius or Seius sat gracefully upon Crispinus. What are you to do when a rascal's character is blacker than the worst impeachment? He bought a mullet for 6000 sesterces—'tis true, he got a pound of fish for each thousand—at least, so say they who make a good story better. All honour to the master's art, if, by a gift even of such a price, he won first place in a childless old man's will! There was still another excuse, if he presented it to his noble mistress, who takes her airing in her closed but big-windowed palanquin. Don't fancy any such thing. He bought it for himself. We see many extravagances now-adays that poor niggardly Apicius never rose to. Was this the price, Crispinus—once aproned slave-like with the papyrus of your country—was this the price you paid for fish-scales? May be the fisherman could have been bought for less than the fish. provinces could sell you a manor at the price—aye, and Apulia one still larger. What feasts must we suppose His Imperial Highness gorged in times when the popinjay jester of his exalted court gobbled all that money in one small tit-bit—a mere side-dish at a 'little dinner!' And now he's Captain of the Body Guard, who once used to cry for a damaged lot of his fellow-burghers, the Shads. Begin, Calliope;

but take a chair. 'Tis not an epic. There's a true tale on hand. Tell it, Pierian maids, and thank me that I call you *maids*.

What time the last of Flavian line was mangling the world, half-killed already, and Rome was in bondage to 'Nero the Bald,' before the shrine of Venus, perched on Doric Ancon's height, there fell into the net an Adriatic turbot, wondrous-sized, which filled its folds and stuck there fast, huge as the fish that the Maeotic ice imprisons, and when dissolved at last by summer's suns lets go in a stream to the mouth of rushing Euxine, now sluggish through their winter's sleep, and bloated from protracted cold. The master of the boat and net reserves the prodigy for His Eminence the Pontiff to expiate; for who would dare to show for sale or purchase such a fish when even the sea-shore swarms with crowds of spies? Those ubiquitous inspectors of sea-weed would quickly take the law of the helpless fisherman, nor scruple to declare the fish a runaway, that long had fed in Caesar's preserves, had thence escaped, and must revert to its first owner. If we are to give any credence to Palfurius and Armillatus, there's not a fine or pretty creature all ocean over, no matter where it swims, but is forfeit to the Crown. And so the fisherman will give it, lest he should lose the credit. And now, though pestilent Autumn was

flying before the frosts, and fever patients began to hope for ague, although bleak Winter's blasts were howling, and kept the prize untainted, yet off he dashes, as though the Sirocco were at his heels. And when the lakes lay at his feet, where Alba, though in ruins, keeps alive Troy's fire, and worships Vesta the Less, the gaping crowd a moment barred his entering. Then, as it stood aside, the folding doors flew open on swift-revolving hinge. The lockedout Senators gaze wistfully at the dainty that is admitted to the presence. The 'King of men' gives audience, and the Picenian says: 'Take what no subject's kitchen fire is equal to, and give yourself this day's enjoyment. Be quick and let your belly have a good blow-out, and eat the turbot up, reserved to grace your reign. The fish was eager to be caught.' What could be more transparent? Yet his comb began to rise. There is no flattery that godlike 'Majesty' could not believe. But stay! There was no dish to match the fish. And so he calls a council of his nobles, whom in his heart he loathed, upon whose faces sat the pallor and misery of their grand friendship. 'Make haste, the chair is taken,' cries the Liburnian usher, and, snatching up his overcoat, comes hurrying in the first of all, Pegasus, so lately set as bailiff over the scared city. An incorruptible dispenser of the law, he fancied that Justice might

punish every crime without her sword, even in that dreadful age. Next came old genial Crispus, whose disposition matched his eloquence—a man of gentle temper. What better minister for one who ruled all seas, and lands, and nations, if 'neath the sway of that pest and scourge 'twere possible to censure cruelty and offer honest counsel? But what more ticklish thing than is the ear of a despot holding in the balance the life of his courtier, who has to talk about the rain, or heat, or the thunderstorms this spring? And so he never struck out against the stream, nor was he patriot enough to give free utterance to his thoughts, and sacrifice his life for truth. So armed, even in that court, he kept secure, and saw the flight of many a winter, yea, saw his eightieth summer. The next to hurry in was one of equal years, Acilius, along with his young son, so undeserving of the cruel death in store for him, that untimely death by his liege's dagger. But an aged nobleman has long been a sort of miracle, wherefore I'd rather be the little brother of a 'Son of the soil.' So then it nought availed the wretch that in light hunting dress he closed with bears of Africa, and stabbed them in the palace circus. For who by this time would fail to see through such ruses of the patricians? Who, Brutus, now-a-days admires that primitive craft of yours? 'Tis a trifle to outwit an

old-world monarch. And next came Rubrius, with face as gloomy, although no noble-guilty of an old crime, not to be spoken of, and yet more shameless than a profligate writing satire. And here comes Montanus' big belly—its bulk delayed him; and Crispinus, early as it is, reeking of perfumes, enough almost for a couple of funerals; and Pompeius too, even more ruthless than he in slitting throats by his insinuating whispers; and Fuscus, who was keeping his heart over for the Dacian vultures, and in his marble halls planned his campaigns; and sly Veiento, with the murderer Catullus, burning with passion for a girl whom he had no eyes to see, a monster strange and startling even in these days—this sightless flatterer, this revolting bridge-loafer come to court; fit to ask alms at the side of carriages on the Arician Road, and meanly kiss hands to the vehicles as they descend. No one was more lost over the turbot, for he poured forth praises, turning left-ways —but the creature lay on his right. Even so he would admire a gladiator's strokes and skill and the stage machinery on which boys were swung to the awning. Veiento is not to be outdone, but as it were inspired and stung, Bellona, by thy gadfly, prophetlike he cries—'A solemn intimation this of a great and glorious triumph! A king shall be your prisoner, or Arviragus shall tumble from his British chariot!

The monster is a foreigner; see how his spines bristle up on his back*.' Fabricius omitted nothing but to state the turbot's age and nation. 'How do you vote? Cut it up?' 'Heaven spare it that indignity!' exclaimed Montanus, 'Prepare a dish of depth to hold its vast circumference within slender walls. Such dish demands the mighty God of Crockery's instant help. Quick there! Clay and a potter's wheel! Caesar, henceforth let potters attend your camp.' The resolution passed. 'Twas worthy of its mover, familiar with the old Court luxury, and Nero's midnight orgies, and appetites renewed when lungs are burning with Falernian. In my day none had greater knowledge of gastronomy. He could with nicety discriminate at the first taste if oysters were Circean 'natives,' or bred on Lucrine rocks, or Richborough beds. One glance at a sea-urchin, and he would name its native shore. The House rises. The meeting is dissolved, and the nobles are dismissed, whom their Sovereign Lord had dragged to his Alban castle in a flutter of urgent haste, as though he had some news to tell of the Catti or of the Sicambrian savages, as though from opposite

^{*} In terga, lit. 'to his back'. The turbot's spines rise in the creature's amazement at finding himself in such strange company. Or it may perhaps be meant that the spines present to Veiento's eyes the appearance of Roman javelins, piercing the backs of enemies in flight.

quarters of the world alarming missives had come with headlong haste.

And oh! that he had chosen to spend on such like trifling all those bloody days in which he widowed Rome of lofty, noble souls, with none to punish, none to avenge! But soon as the vulgar took alarm, he fell. 'Twas this that struck his death-blow, drenched though he was before with Lamian blood.

V.

If you're not yet ashamed of your course of life, if you are still of the same mind, so as to think the height of happiness is living on your neighbour's crumbs, if you can stand affronts, which even Sarmentus and the worthless Gabba would not have brooked at Caesar's ill-assorted parties, I should fear to take your evidence, no matter how you swore to it. I know of nothing easier to satisfy than the stomach. But, granting that you lack even the wherewithal to fill a craving belly, is there no vacant kerbstone: is there no bridge, nor half a beggar's mat anywhere vacant? Can you so prize a dinner bought with flouts, when, ravenously hungry as you are, it would

be less disgrace to shiver in the street, and gnaw the dogs' foul crusts?

Mark this point first. The invitation to his board is payment in full for your patient attentions. The great man's friendship has produced—a meal! Your liege lord takes credit for it—credit, however seldom he invites you. And so, if once in a couple of months he takes it into his head to have in his well-snubbed hanger-on, but only lest the third place be vacant, and one couch left unfilled, he says, 'Come, join our party.' The zenith of your hope! What more do you want? Trebius is paid for his broken slumbers, and shoe-strings left untied through fear lest the whole mob of morning visitors may even now have made their round, while stars are paling, or slow Charles' Wain is turning in a winter's sky. But what a dinner! The wine is such that greasy wool would scorn to be soaked in it. You'll see the drinkers grow delirious. Jeers are the prelude to the fray. Presently you're flinging tumblers, and you've got a wound, and mop your gashes with a bloody napkin—all this, whenever a hot quarrel, provoked by a flagon of Saguntine, begins between yourself and his suit of quondam slaves. Our host drinks wine racked off in days when consuls wore the beard. The cup he holds contains the grape-juice squeezed in the Social War; but never a spoonful will he

send to his dyspeptic friend. To-morrow he'll quaff a brand from Alba's or Setia's hills, its name and vintage worn away by age that coats the old jar with soot—such as was drunk by Thrasea and Helvidius garland-crowned upon the birthdays of Cassius and the Bruti. Host Virro uses ample bowls amber-embossed and beryl-studded beakers. Gold is not trusted in your hands, or, if it ever be, a guard is posted near, to count the jewels, and keep a watch upon sharp finger-nails. Excuse him. There is a jasper there*—a splendid one, and much admired; for Virro, like many others, transfers his gems from hand to cup—gems that the hero preferred to jealous Iarbas was wont to wear upon his scabbard's front. You'll drain your small four-nozzled glass that bears the name of Beneventum's cobbler. glass is cracked and wants to be changed for brimstone ware. If wine and food fever his lordship's stomach, he asks for water boiled and cooled with Getic snows. The water that you drink is different. Your cup will be handed by a Berber courier, or by a bony-fingered, swarthy Moor, whom you'd but little care to meet at midnight, when riding past the tombs on the steep Latin Road. Before the host

^{*} Illi in Mayor's text apparently a misprint for illic, as in note, p. 252 (2nd ed.) and in index, p. 430. Jahn's reading is illi, i.e. poculo. Possibly line 42 should be regarded as spoken by the attendant, 'Excuse me! The jasper on that cup is a precious one.'

will stand the Rose of Asia, who cost a sum beyond the joint estates of Fighting Tullius and Ancus-far more, in short, than all the goods and chattels of Rome's whole line of kings. So, when you're thirsty, look to your Berber Ganymede. A youth who cost so many thousands is quite above mixing a poor man's liquor; but his beauty and his years justify his disdain. When does he come to your side? When answer your call, and fetch you 'hot' or 'cold'? In fact he scorns to take an order from an old retainer, resents your asking anything, and sitting down while he must stand. Mark how that other grumbled, as he handed bread broken with difficulty, those stale and mouldy lumps of meal, fit to give your molars a shock, refusing to be chewed. But for my lord is kept soft snowy bread of finest flour. Be sure to keep hands off. Respect the sacred bread-pan! Suppose yourself however a trifle presuming, there's someone standing over you to make you drop the bread. 'You saucy guest, will you just fill your belly from your accustomed tray, and learn the colour of your own bread?' 'And so it was for this,' you'll say, 'that I so often left my wife, and hurried up the steep of chill Esquiliae, amid the fury of spring thunderstorms and pitiless hail, my cloak all dripping with the drenching shower!' But see the lobster that is served to my lord, with how stately

a front it adorns the dish; see the asparagus that garnishes it, and the tail with which it flouts the company, as it comes in, borne high in the tall footman's hands! But a little crawfish hemmed in with half an egg is set before you, a funeral feast upon a tiny plate. The great man souses his fish in the oil of Venafrum. The sickly cabbages brought you, my poor fellow, will smell of lamps. On your plates is bestowed the stuff borne up the Tiber in a Micipsa's sharp-bowed reed canoe—stuff, from fear of which no one at Rome can bathe in Bocchar's company. My lord will have a mullet that was sent by Corsica or Tauromenium's rocks; for all our own seas have been ransacked, and long ago have failed in their supplies, while gluttony still rages, and our Fish-market with ever-busy net explores the neighbouring waters, nor do we let the Tuscan fish attain maturity. And so the provinces supply our kitchens. Thence are procured the dainties for fortune-hunting Laenas to buy, and for Aurelia to sell. Virro is helped to a lamprey, the largest yielded by the Sicilian whirlpool; for while the South Wind holds himself in check, and sits in prison, drying his dripping wings, midmost Charybdis has no terrors for the reckless seines. For you there waits an eel, the long snake's cousin, or pike of Tiber, spotted by the frost-even though a low-born native of the bank,

fattened on streams of sewage, that many a time explored the drains under the heart of the Subura.

And now I'd wish a word with the host, if he'd but lend a listening ear. None ask you to lavish bounties, like to the ordinary gifts of Seneca, and worthy Piso, and Cotta, on ordinary friends; for in the days of old the pride of giving was valued more than titles and insignia. We only ask of you to dine like a citizen. Do this, and still remain, remain like many more, large-hearted to yourself, a pauper to your friends.

Before the master steams the liver of an overgrown goose, a crammed fowl big as a goose, and a boar worthy of 'yellow-haired' Meleager's steel. Then truffles will be served him, if it be Spring, and welcome thunderstorms should swell his bill of fare. 'Keep your corn to yourself,' Alledius cries, 'O Libya, and unyoke your bulls, if but you send us truffles!' Meantime, to make you angry as can be, observe that capering carver making his flourishes with nimble knife, until he has gone through all the professor's lessons. No doubt the flourishes with which the hare or capon is carved make no small difference in taste. But if once you dare to ope your lips, as though you had three names, then like Cacus clubbed by Hercules, dragged forth by the heels, you'll be turned out of doors. When does Virro

drink your health, or take a cup polluted by your lips? And which of you so wholly reckless and so lost to shame, as to ask His Majesty to take wine with you? There's many a speech tabooed to those with ragged coats. Suppose a god, or some mere mortal like the gods and kinder than the fates, should gift you with a knight's estate; from being nobody, oh! what a friend! oh! what a friend of Virro's would you then become! 'Help Trebius.' 'Set this by Trebius!' 'Dear brother, have a slice right off the loin.' Ah! Money, 'tis you he honours thus—'tis you who are his brother! But if you'd be yourself a patron and your patron's lord, then have not—

'A boy Aeneas gambolling in your hall '---

nor daughter, dearer still! But, as it is, your Mygale may be confined, and set a triplet of boys upon their father's knee: your lord will be delighted with the chattering brood, will order in the green jerkin, and the filberts, and the copper begged for whenever little Master Parasite comes to table. His despised hangers-on will be served with mushrooms of a dubious sort: his lordship with a splendid one, aye, fine as Claudius ate before that given him by his wife, after which he ate no more. Virro will have himself and all the other Virros helped to fruit, on the bare scent of which you might make a meal,

—like to the produce of Phaeacia's eternal harvesttide, or such as you might fancy were filched from the Libyan Sisters—whilst you are feasting on a rotten apple, such as is munched upon the Embankment by the figure that wears the casque and buckler, schooled by the terrors of the lash to shoot his javelin from his hairy goat-charger. Perhaps you fancy Virro wants to save. No, he takes pains to mortify you. For what dinner-farce or interlude can beat 'The Disappointed Belly?' So, let me tell you, 'tis all done to make you vent your spite in tears, and keep on grinding your tight-clenched teeth. You think yourself a free man and a monarch's guest. He thinks of you as the slave of his savoury cookery. Nor is he far wrong; for who, however destitute, could twice brook his insolence. whether one were born to the Tuscan gold or to the poor man's knotted leather badge? A vision of fine fare beguiles you: 'See! he'll send now the remnants of the hare and a slice of boar's haunch! That capon, too small for him, will reach us presently!' And so you wait in silence with bread in hand unbroken, ready for action. He shows his sense who makes this use of you. If you can suffer all things, you deserve them. Some day you'll shave your head, and offer it for buffets, and, shrinking not from galling stripes, will prove yourself well worthy such a feast and such a friend.

VII.

The future of poetry and the impulse thereto depend on Caesar wholly. He alone looked with pity on the neglected Muses in these times when even poets of fame and note began to try the experiment of renting a little bath at Gabii or bakery at Rome, and others thought it no disgrace or shame to turn town-criers: when Clio for very hunger left Aganippe's glades, and removed to the auction-rooms. For if not one copper reveals its face to you in the Pierian groves, then be content with a Machaera's fare and fame, and sell (for 'tis the better course) what the auction strife disposes of to the bidders—wine-cases, tripods, cabinets, baskets, Paccius' Alcithoe, or Faustus' Thebes and Tereus. Better this than to swear in court 'I witnessed' what you witnessed not, though Knights of Asia and Cappadocia may do so, and Knights of Bithynia,* whom New Gaul exports to us with shoeless feet. But henceforth none will be driven to drudgery degrading to the poet's calling, if he can join an eloquent diction to tuneful measures, and has chewed the bay. Lads, persevere! Your gracious

^{*} Mayor's text equites Bithyni evidently a misprint for equitesque Bithyni. See notes p. 277 and index.

sovereign looks round upon you all, and spurs you on, and seeks out objects for his bounty. If you think to look for patronage of your art elsewhither, and with this hope are filling up, page after page, the yellow parchment, then-lose no time, call for a bit of fire, and make a present of your works, my Telesinus, to Venus' spouse, or else lock up your books, and let the worms devour them stowed away. Wretch! break your pens, blot out the battles that have cost you your sleep, you who write soaring epics in a little crib, to earn an ivy crown and lantern-jawed bust. Beyond the Emperor you've no resource. Close-fisted millionaires of late have learned to admire and praise (but nothing more) the gifted ones, as boys do Juno's bird. But it is ebbing away, that time of life that could bear the sea, the helmet, or the spade. Then weariness steals on the mind: then the old poet, coatless though eloquent, curses himself and his Patron Muse.

Now hear the rich man's shifts. Courting his favour, you cut the shrine of the Muses and Apollo. Lest he may have to help you, he turns poet himself, and yields the palm to Homer only—on the score of his thousand years. If, fired by fame's delights, you must recite, he lends a mildewed building; this house he places at your service is far away, ironbarred, its door like gate of a beleaguered town.

He can lend a freedman audience, too, to sit at the ends of the rows, and can sprinkle his loud-voiced retainers up and down. But none of your grandees will give the hire of the benches and of the tiers supported on the beams (these hired as well,) nor of the chairs ranged in the orchestra (to be returned.) Yet we work on, cutting our furrows in the shallow dust, turning the sand with unproductive plough. For, though you struggle to escape, the scribbling itch has caught you in its toils, thirsting for glory, and roots itself in mind diseased. But the poet above the herd, of no trite vein, not always hammering at some well-worn theme, and minting hackneved lays with the stamp of common-place—such a one as nowhere can I point to, but can only fancy—is produced by a spirit unruffled by anxiety, untouched by any bitterness—a spirit that courts the woods, and loves to drink of the * Muses' rills. To chaunt within Pierian grot, to wield the wand of inspiration—these are denied to dolorous poverty that lacks the pelf the body calls for day and night. He has dined has Horace when he shouts his 'Evoe.' Your hearts admit not of divided interests. What room there for a poet's frenzy, unless the only storm that stirs them be that of song, unless they are swept along in the train of the Lords of Cirra and Nysa?

^{*} Aonides, i.e. the Muses, as dwellers by Helicon and Aganippe.

'Twas a great mind's creation—not that of one bewildered how to get a blanket—that vision of chariots and horses and faces celestial, and of the Fury's shape when dazing the Rutulian. Were Vergil left without a slave and decent lodging, then every snake would tumble from his locks: his trumpet hushed would blare no thrilling note. Can we expect Rubrenus Lappa to match the Tragedy of old, with crockery and great-coat pawned, all through his Atreus? Poor Numitor has nothing to send a friend: he has enough for presents to Quintilla, ave and made out the means to buy a lion ready-tamed, that must be fed with lumps of meat. No doubt the monster's keep costs less, and a poet's belly takes more to fill. Lucan may loll among the marbles in his grounds, and be content with fame; but what good will all the glory in the world do for Serranus and poor Saleius, if 'tis but glory? Crowds rush to hear the sweet tones and strains of the people's pet Thebais, when Statius has put the town in ecstasies by fixing a day for a reading; so greatly does he charm and captivate our hearts, so eagerly the audience listens! Yet, when his lines have brought down the house, he starves, unless he sells his maiden Agave to Paris, who bestows commissions upon many, and places on the poets' fingers the ring of gold that six months' service won. What

nobles can't bestow a harlequin will give. Do you still hang about Bareas and the Camerini, and noblemen's great houses? Why 'tis Pelopea appoints the prefects and Philomela the tribunes. Yet you would envy not the bard who earns his bread by the stage. Who will be your Maecenas now, your Proculeius, or Fabius? Who will act Cotta's part again, or prove a second Lentulus? In their days talent had its due reward. Then many found their profit in sallow cheeks and abstinence from wine right through December.

But, to proceed—Historians, is your toil more productive? 'Tis true it takes more time and midnight oil. Each doubtless has his pages by the hundred rising, illimitable,—growing at ruinous cost for that papyrus pile. The vast amount of matter and the conditions of the work require it. But what the harvest, what the crop, from opening up that field? Who will give the historian a newsreader's pittance?

'A race of drones,' you cry, 'that love their sofa and seclusion!' Then say what advocates earn for public services—for dragging after them that bulky bag of documents? They talk big enough themselves about their fees, and most of all when creditors are by, or when spurred on by someone still more eager, a litigant who comes with a colossal ledger

to prop a shaky claim. Oh! the unmeasured falsehoods those windbags then blow off, spitting upon their breasts for luck! But would you know their real gains? In one scale set a hundred advocates' estates, in the other just that of Lacerna the Red Jockey. 'The Seignory is met.' You rise, a second Ajax, but with pallid face, to plead before Judge Bumpkin the cause of liberty imperilled. Strain, wretch, your lungs until they burst, and all for this—that, after all your toil, a fresh palm-branch may be fastened up, to glorify your staircase! And what the price of your eloquence? A rusty little ham and pot of dwarf tunnies, or some old roots (a nigger's rations) or wine brought down the Tiber of that full five big jars. If you have held four briefs, and one gold piece has fallen to your lot, part comes off even that by the attorneys' terms. Aemilius will get all that the Law allows, and yet I pleaded better! And all because there stands within his porch a brazen car with stately four-in-hand a figure of himself as well, seated on fiery charger, poising threateningly his quivering lance, and practising his aim, one bronze eye closed. By aping such Pedo is bankrupt and Matho fails. And so Tongilius, too, is ruined, who goes to bathe with huge rhinoceros-horn of oil, mobbing the bathers with his draggled suite, and galling Thracian

lacqueys with the long sedan-pole, when going through the Forum, to buy his slaves, his plate, his agate cups, and country houses; for his purple stuffs, sea-borne from Tyre, secure him credit. But all this serves their purpose; the violet and purple robes advertise your pleader. It suits their ends to live with bustle and display beyond their means. Trust to eloquence indeed! None now-a-days would give two hundred pence to Cicero, unless a big ring glittered on his hand. This first the suitor looks to, whether you've got eight slaves and ten hangers-on: whether you have a sedan at your back, and citizen friends to walk in front. And so Paulus would plead with a hired sardonyx-ring; and so he had higher fees for pleading than Cossus and than Basilus. Eloquence in rags is rare. When can Basilus bring into court a mother in tears? Who would stand eloquence from him? Make your home in Gaul, or better still in Africa, the lawyer's fostermother, if you must set a price upon your tongue.

Do you teach rhetoric? O Vettius! what a heart of iron must be yours, when your crowded class is murdering the savage tyrants! For all that has just been read from the teacher's chair the standing scholar will word for word go through, yea, word for word will drone it out in the old sing-song. 'Tis this that kills the poor teachers—this ever-lasting

cabbage. The pleas to urge, the class the case belongs to, the gist of the argument, the points the other side may raise—these matters all would know, but pay the fee—not one! 'What! dunning for your fee! Why! what have I learnt?' "The blame lies at the teacher's door forsooth, that not a throb of genius pulses in that true son of Arcadia upon his breast's left side, who on one day in every six dins his Hannibal the terrible in my poor head; whatever be the point that he debates—whether to march from Cannae on the city: whether, by thunder-clouds and lightning warned, to lead away from the storm his dripping cohorts. Bargain for what you will, and take immediate payment. I give it on condition his father hears him oft as I." Half a dozen other lecturers or more cry out in chorus to like effect. The 'ravisher' is dropped: they plead a real suit now. No more about 'the poisoned draught,' nor of the 'vile ungrateful husband,' nor of 'the drugs that cure the blind however old.' So, if my counsel moves him, he will retire from business, and enter on a different walk in life, if he must leave the rhetorician's cloister-shades for the strife of the courts, or else must lose his wretched pittance, the price of a paltry bread-ticket; for such is his most munificent fee. Enquire what fee Chrysogonus or Pollio gets for teaching rich men's sons, and you'll tear up your Theodore's Rhetoric.

They'll spend a fortune on their baths, still more upon a colonnade, wherein my Lord may drive about on rainy days-would you have him wait till it clears, and get his team splashed with wet mud? On the other side a dining-hall must rise, upborne by stately shafts of Afric marble, and catch the winter sun. Whate'er the cost of the house, he'll get a scientific table-layer too; he'll get himself an expert in made-dishes. Amid extravagance like this, two thousand sesterces will be enough, indeed enormous, for Quintilian. Nothing will cost the father less than his own son. 'Then how does Quintilian own all those pasture lands?' Leave out of count the cases of strange destinies. Your lucky man is both handsome and bold. Your lucky man is wise, and noble, and well bred, and gets the crescent sewn in front on his black senator's-gaiter. Your lucky man is likewise best of orators and athletes—an admirable singer, too—yes, even with a cold. It makes a difference what stars greet you when just essaying to utter your first baby-cry, with the red hue of birth still upon you. If Fortune will, from rhetorician you'll turn consul; again, if so she will, from consul you'll turn rhetorician. For what were Ventidius and Tullius? Just made by their star and hidden destiny's miraculous might. Destiny will give thrones to slaves, triumphs to captives. Your lucky man, however, is rarer even than a white Many a one has grown sick of the empty barren honours of the professor's chair, as the end of Thrasymachus and Secundus Carrinas proves; and, Athens! in these days you saw one in want, nor dared to give him aught but chilling hemlock. Ye gods! softly and lightly may earth rest upon the ashes of the men of old; shed the sweet breath of saffron and eternal springtide on their tombs, who gave the teacher rank with venerated sire. Achilles, then a well-sized youth, learnt singing on his native hills in terror of the rod, nor would his music-master's tail, in those days, win from him a smile. But Rufus and others now are beaten each by his own pupils-Rufus, whom they so often styled 'The Cicero of Savoy.'

Who throws in Celadus' and learned Palaemon's lap as much as their scholastic toils were worth? Yet, little as it is (indeed 'tis less than a rhetorician's fee) the pupil's stupid governor gets first bite, and the cashier will take his pickings. Submit to it, Palaemon; let something be abated of your due, like one who hucksters winter blankets and white linen quilts; only let it not go for nought that you have sat in school from midnight's hour, when not a carpenter, nor one of those who teach wool-carding with the crooked comb would sit at work. Only let it not go

for nought that you have borne the smell of all those lamps, a lamp for every boy in class, when Flaccus was one mass of soot, and Maro black with the adhering smuts. Yet, even so, few fees are paid without a suit before the tribune. But make your merciless terms, ye parents; require the teacher's syntax to be free from flaw; insist upon his reading every history, and knowing all the authors as well as his own nails and fingers, so as to say off-hand, if on his way to the gymnasium or to Phoebus' bath he happen to be asked the question, Who was Anchises' nurse? The name and country of Anchemolus' stepmother? How many years Acestes lived? How many casks of Sicel wine he gave the Phrygians? Require that, as with artist's hand, he mould the children's plastic natures, like one who fashions busts of wax. Insist that he shall be a very father to the whole tribe, and stop all playing at obscenity and dirty practices. 'Tis no light matter to keep a watch on every act and look of all those boys.' 'Be this your task,' the father cries, 'but when the year has rolled its course, then take your gold—just what the mob demands for the winning jockey!'

VIII.

Of what avail are pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, to take rank by length of descent, and to point to one's family portraits, an Aemilianus erect in his chariot, with a mutilated Curius, and a Corvinus minus his shoulders, and a noseless, earless Galba? What do you gain by showing off in a roll that takes in all your family the smoke-begrimed Masters of the Horse, Dictator and all, if you live a life of shame in the very face of the Lepidi? To what purpose all these statues of warriors, if you gamble the whole night through in presence of a Numantinus: if you begin your sleep at the rising of Lucifer, when those generals used to shift their standards and their camp? Why should a Fabius born in Hercules' very home plume himself so much on an Allobrogicus and the Great Altar, if he is greedy, and vain, and ever so much feebler than a Euganean lamb? If he rub his soft loins with the pumice of Catina, and thus bring shame on his bearded grandsires, and, buying poison, put his unhappy clan to the disgrace of breaking his bust? No, though time-honoured waxen likenesses adorn the length and breadth of your hall, still virtue is the sole and only nobility. Be a Paulus, a Cossus, or a Drusus in character. Rank this above the statues

of your ancestry: let this take its place in line before the very consular rods, if consul you are. The first thing you are bound to show me is a good heart. You have a title won by word and deed to be deemed blameless, and true to the right, good-I recognise the noble: I salute you, Gaetulicus be you, or Silanus, or from whatever other blood you come, rare windfall of a fine citizen to your exultant country! One would fain cry out what the people exclaim when Osiris is found. For who would call 'noble' one who shamed his race, and challenged notice by the lustre of his name alone? Someone's dwarf we call Atlas, an Ethiopian Swan, a deformed girl-dwarf Europa; lazy curs, hairless with old standing mange, that lick the rim of the oilless lamp, will get the name of 'pard,' 'tiger,' 'lion,' or any other beast on earth of still fiercer temper. And so you must be cautious, and take care lest in this sense you be a Creticus or Camerinus.

Whom have I thus admonished? I speak to you, Rubellius Blandus. You are as inflated with your lofty Drusine pedigree, as if you had done aught yourself to win your noble birth, so that you should be conceived by a dame illustrious for her Julian blood, and not by one who weaves for wages under shelter of the wind-swept Embankment. 'You are low born,' you say, 'the dregs of our canaille, of

whom there's not a man can point to his parent's birth-place. But I'm a son of Cecrops!' Long life to you, and long may you enjoy the happiness of such descent! But, spite of your scorn, you'll find an eloquent Roman even in the lowest ranks. Here is one who often takes up the cause of the unlettered aristocrat: from our gowned mob a man will come forward to solve the knotty points of legal science and the riddles of the statutes. Another in his prime hies him to the Euphrates and the eagles that watch the subdued Batavians, an unflagging campaigner: but you! you're a son of Cecrops, and that's all—as like as can be to a Hermes-bust! In fact you come off best in no other point than thishe has a head of marble: you are a living statue. Tell me, you heir of the Teucrians, who would account dumb animals well-bred, had they no mettle? Why, we praise a racer's fleetness only if for his easy triumph full many a trophy shines, and victory shouts in ecstasy till the circus is hoarse. He is a 'noble' steed, whatever pasture he comes from, whose strides fairly distance the rest, and raise the dust upon the course ahead of all; but the breed of Coryphaeus and Hirpinus are 'cattle for sale,' if Victory have rarely mounted on their yoke. There there is no regard for forefathers: no favour shown to shades of ancestors. The horses at a word change masters for a trifle, and draw carts till their necks are galled, if slow-footed and but fit to turn Nepos' mill. Therefore, so that we may admire yourself and not your belongings, tell me something of your own that I may carve among your titles, beyond the honours which we have rendered and render still to those who gave you all you have.

So much for the young man, whom Rumour describes to us as proud, puffed up, and full of his Neronian kinship; for modesty is for the most part rare in that state of life. But I should hate to see you valued for your kin's renown, Ponticus, if so be you do nought yourself to gain renown hereafter. 'Tis a poor thing to rest on the fame of others: the roof might collapse and fall in, if the columns were to slip. The vine-shoot cast to earth pines for an unwedded elm. Be a good soldier, a good guardian, yes, and an uncorrupted judge. If ever you be summoned as witness in a doubtful and uncertain case, even though a Phalaris were to command you to be false, and, bringing up his bull, dictate the perjury, think it the height of wickedness to love life more than honour, and for life's sake to sacrifice life's ends. Who merits death is dead—though he dines upon a hundred oysters of Gaurus and bathes in a whole caldron of Cosmus' scents. When the longlooked-for province at last receives you as its governor, bridle and check your temper and your greed. Pity our impoverished allies. You see the bones of the native princes sucked dry, their very marrows drained. Consider what the laws enjoin: the precepts of the senate house: what great rewards await the righteous: how just a bolt smote down beneath the senate's sentence Capito and Numitor who plundered the (pirate) Cilicians. But what does a verdict give the province? Look out, Chaerippus, for an auctioneer for your rags, now that Pansa robs you of all Natta's leavings: and at last learn silence. 'Tis madness to throw your passage-money after all the rest. There were no groans like this before, nor was the stroke of injury so deeply felt, when our allies were prosperous still—but lately conquered. Then every house was well supplied, and high rose the pile of money, of Spartan cloaks, of purples from Cos: and beside Parrhasius' pictures and Myron's statues stood Phidias' breathing ivory, together with much handiwork of Polyclitus everywhere, and few were the tables then without a Mentor. Here the Dolabellas, there Antony, here the godless Verres began to carry back in their deep-laden galleys their smuggled spoils and trophies won from peace-more than were got from war. Now our allies must have their few voke of oxen, their little herd of mares, and the very sire of their stud robbed from their tiny plot of ground which has been seized, and then their very nearth-gods, if they've a statue worth looking at. Perchance you may, and rightly, too, think scorn of the unwarlike Rhodians and Corinth with its unguents: what could those beresined youths and all the tribe of hairless limbs do to you? Beware of shaggy Spain, of the clime of Gaul, and the Illyrian Coast; and keep your hands off those reapers who fill the Town's belly, and leave it leisure for the circus and the play. Besides, what so great prize will you bear away as a set-off to that atrocious crime, when Marius has so lately stripped the poor Africans of their very girdles? Above all, beware lest any glaring wrong be done to men both brave and destitute. You may take away all the gold and silver anywhere to be found, you will still leave them sword and buckler. What I have just laid down is no mere commonplace; 'tis truth: think that I'm reading you one of the Sibyl's leaves. If your staff of officers be blameless-if there be no young 'Longhair' selling your rulings-no scandal against your wife—if she be not a Harpy, ready to go the round of the assizes, aye, of every town, to swoop with crooked talons on the cash, then you may trace your line from Picus, and, if high sounding names be your fancy, range all the Titan warriors among your ancestors-Prometheus himself among them-adopt

for yourself a great grandfather from any book you like. If, however, ambition and lust sweep you along in their current, if you break wand after wand on the bleeding backs of the allies, if axes blunted and lictors fagged delight your heart, then the very rank of your parents begins to rise in judgment against you, and to hold a bright torch before your deeds of shame. Every sin of the heart involves more glaring guilt the higher is the standing of the sinner. What is it to me that your grandsire raised the temples where you so often seal forged wills, and that your sire's triumphal statue fronts you there? What indeed, if bound for an adulterous couch you shroud your head under a Santonic hood?

Past the ashes and bones of his ancestors fat Lateranus whirls in his rapid car, and with his own hands, his own consular hands, checks the wheel with the heavy drag; by night, no doubt; still the moon looks on: still the stars are straining their conscious eyes. When his term of office expires, Lateranus will take whip in hand in the glare of daylight, and no place so public that he will shrink from meeting his friend, spite of his grey hairs, aye, and with his whip will give the first salute, and will untie the hay-trusses, and pour the barley out to his tired team. And all the time, while he sacrifices, like Numa, his woolly victims and a red steer before

Jove's altars, he swears only by the Goddess of Jockeys and the faces daubed on the reeking stalls. But, when it takes his fancy to frequent the pothouses open all night, the Syrophoenician, reeking with his eternal perfumes, comes to meet him. With all the air of a Boniface he hails him as 'my Lord' and 'your Majesty;' and here comes bustling Cyane, too, with her bottle for sale. One may excuse his fault and urge 'Oh we did all this too, when young!' Granted! That is, you have given it up, and have not cherished your error beyond due bounds. Be it short, your essay in crime. There are faults which should be cut off with one's first symptoms of beard. Indulgence is but for boys. Lateranus, who comes to these tap-room potations and painted awnings, is of the age for campaigning, for guarding the rivers of Armenia and Syria, the Rhine and Danube. Such vigour could guarantee Nero's safety. Despatch, Caesar, your general to Ostia; but seek that general first in some big pothouse! You will find him lounging at table in company with some assassin: one of a medley of thieves, sailors, and runaways: among hangmen, and coffin-makers, and the hushed timbrels of a debauched priest of Cybele. There reign Liberty and Equality: the cups are common property: not one has a couch apart from others: none has a

separate table. What would you do, Ponticus, were it your lot to get a slave of the kind? I'm sure you would send him to Lucania or the Tuscan houses of correction. But you, Trojan-born, make allowance for yourselves, and what would disgrace a bourgeois will grace Brutus or a Volesus.

What if we never quote cases so foul and shameful that worse do not remain behind? Damasippus, your fortune spent, you let your voice out to the stage, to act the uproarious 'Ghost' of Catullus; nay, the nimble Lentulus acted (and well, too) the Laureolus, and in my opinion merited a real cross for his pains. Still you can't excuse the spectators either. Those spectators are too thick-skinned who sit and gaze at the double-dyed buffoonery of our patricians and listen to a barefooted Fabius, smiling at the Mamerci and their stage-buffets. What matter at what price they sell their lives? (They sell them at no Nero's bidding and hesitate not to sell them at the sports of the exalted practor.) Yet suppose the sword set here and there the stage—which were the better? Has any one ever yet been frightened by fear of death into becoming Thymele's jealous lord or the mate of the clown Corinthus? But why marvel at a buffoon noble under a fiddling emperor? What lower depth than this save the gladiators' school? And you have there now the real scandal of Town-a Gracchus

fighting in no helmed warrior's guise, armed with no shield nor upturned falchion! No! he scouts any such disguises. See how he swings his trident, and, when he has made a false throw of the netting from the sweep of his right arm, raising his face unbared to the onlookers, flies adown the lists for all to see and know! We can't mistake his tunic: since his gold-embroidered lasso reaches down from his neck, and dangles from his wide shoulder-guard. And so the *Pursuer* has had to brook a disgrace worse than any wound; for he was—set to fight with Gracchus!

If the right of free voting were only given to the people, who so abandoned as to hesitate to prefer Seneca to Nero-Nero, to punish whom more than a single ape should have been got ready, more than a single snake, and single sack? 'The crime of Agamemnon's son was similar.' Aye, but the motives make the cases unlike. You see, Orestes at the prompting of the gods avenged his father stricken down amid the wassail; but he never defiled himself with Electra's murder nor with the blood of his Spartan spouse: he mixed no poison for his relatives: never sang on the stage-wrote no 'Epic of Troy!' For what of all the deeds of Nero during his cruel and grim tyranny more called for the avenging sword of Verginius or Galba and Vindex than did this? These are the feats, these the accomplishments of our high-born prince, who loves to prostitute himself by disgraceful recitations on a foreign stage, and to earn the parsley of the Grecian crown. Let your family statues receive the trophies of vour voice. Before the feet of Domitius set Thyestes' or Antigone's long train, or the mask of Menalippe; and from his giant marble effigy hang up your harp. What can one find more exalted, Catiline and Cethegus, than your pedigrees? Yet you plot a night attack and firing of house and shrine, as if you were sons of the Braccati or descendants of the Senones; attempting deeds which might well be punished with the 'shirt of pain.' Ah, but the consul is awake and keeps your hosts in check. This 'upstart' from Arpinum—no noble—but yesterday a provincial knight at Rome—is stationing a well accoutred force to guard the bewildered citizens; his care extends to all the hills. And so, within the city walls, the garb of peace brought him as great a name and title as at Leucas, (with so sore an effort) and as on Thessalia's plain Octavius won, his sword from that long carnage reeking. But Rome, Rome was free, when she dubbed Cicero her 'Parent' and 'Father of Fatherland.' There was another of Arpinum's sons who in the Volscian highlands would sue for a wage, aweary with another's plough, and later on would get the knotty

vine-stick broken on his head, if he were lazy, and did his entrenching with sluggish axe. Yet this is he who braves the Cimbri and the crisis of the State's peril, and single-handed shields the city in its scare. So, when the ravens, which never yet had lit on huger corpses, winged their way to the Cimbrian carnage, his high-born colleague is honoured with but the second bay. Plebeian were the Decians' souls: plebeian were their names; and yet these satify the gods below and Mother Earth as ransom for all our legions, and all our allies, and all the chivalry of Latium; for more precious were the Decii than all they saved. He was a waitingwoman's child who won the royal robe and diadem of Quirinus, and was the last of our good kings. It was the consul's own sons who were for unbarring the gates to the tyrant-exiles; men of whom might be expected some mighty feat for liberty in peril, such as to win praise from Cocles, Mucius, and the maid who swam the Tiber, then the limit of empire. That slave well earned the matrons' tears who disclosed the privy crime to the Fathers, while they (the consul's sons) are visited with the just penalty of the lash and the first legal axe.

I had rather your father were Thersites, so that you were like a son of Aeacus, fit to don Vulcan's armour, than that an Achilles should beget you to be the picture of a Thersites. And, after all, however far you hark back, however far you trace back your name, you derive your clan from that notorious sanctuary. Whoever was your family's founder, he was but a shepherd, or—something I don't like to say!

X.

In all the world—from Gades to the land of the Morning and its Ganges—few are they who can discern between true blessings and their very opposite, dispelling error's mists. For what do we fear or desire by reason's rule? What do you undertake with ever 'so fair a start but you repent your effort and the attainment of your desire? The gods, good easy beings, have overthrown whole households at their owners' wish. In peace, in war, we crave our bane; a full flood of speech and natural eloquence are fraught with death to many: trust in his strength and model arms was another's ruin. But more are choked by cash scraped together with measureless care and by an income which overshadows all other fortunes as the British whale transcends the dolphins. And so in that reign of terror, at Nero's command, a whole cohort laid siege to Longinus and the spacious pleasure-grounds of Seneca the millionaire, and beleaguered the sumptuous mansion of a Lateranus: 'tis seldom a soldier visits a poor man's garret! Though you carry but a few small articles of plain silver plate, yet, if you start on a night journey, you'll have the sword and pike to fear, and you'll fall a-quaking at the shadows of the reeds quivering in the moonlight: your emptyhanded traveller will sing in your footpad's face. In general the first prayer and the most familiar to every temple is for riches: that our wealth may grow, and our money-chest be the largest in the whole Forum. But aconite is never drunk from delf; fear it when you take a jewelled cup in hand, and your Setine shows its fire in a broad goblet of gold. Well then, do you not now praise one of the wise men for laughing, and the rival Doctor for weeping, as often as they moved one foot forward from their threshold? But the scoff of a jeering laugh is easy enough for any one: the marvel is how the supply of brine for the eyes held out. Democritus used to convulse his lungs with endless laughter, though in the cities of his land there was no State-robe, nor regal gown, no lictors, no palanquins, no Praetor's court. What, had he seen our Praetor standing out from his stately car, towering amid the circus dust in Jove's tunic, trailing from his shoulders the purple hangings of a spangled toga,

and with his big crown—its hoop so heavy that a single neck cannot brook the weight? Why, the public slave who holds it is a-sweat; for, to bate the consul's pride, a slave rides in the same car. Add, too, the bird rising from the sceptre of ivory: here the hornblowers: there, in front of him, his retainers in long array, and, at the bridle of their patron, Rome's proud citizens in snow-white garb, their friendship won by the dole stored in their cashbox. Even in those days he found matter for laughter in every being he met. Such wisdom as his shows that men of real greatness, men sure to point a moral, may be born in the land of mutton-pates and under a foggy sky. He would smile at the interests of the crowd and at their joys, sometimes at their tears as well, while he himself would let Fortune and her frowns go hang, and show her the finger of scorn.

Well then, even as we pray for what is needless or harmful, to gain what end can we rightly hang our wax tablets on the gods' knees?

Some fall headlong through their own power exposed to bitter envy: their long and brilliant roll of honours wrecks them; down come their statues and follow the lead of the rope; then the axe driven home shatters the very wheels of their triumphal cars, and the unoffending nags have their legs broken. Hark! the fires are hissing! and now, by

dint of bellows and forge, that head, the people's idol, is a-glow: and great Sejanus is crackling! And now from the face second to one only in the whole world are made pipkins, basins, a pan—yea, meaner vessels! Ho! wreathe your homes with bays: ho! lead to the Capitol a giant pipeclayed ox: Sejanus is being dragged by a hook, a sight for all! 'Tis general ecstasy. 'What lips he had! What a look! Never, believe me, could I stand the man. But under what charge was he cast? Who was the informer? By what approver, by what witness did he make good his case?' 'Nothing of all this: a wordy, lengthy dispatch came from Capreae.' 'Tis good, I ask no more.' But what does Remus' rabble? It courts Fortune, as ever, and is bitter against the condemned. This same people, had Nortia smiled on her Tuscan—if the old emperor had been crushed when off his guard—at this very hour would hail Sejanus 'Augustus.' Long ago, since we ceased to have votes for sale, this people shuffled off its public cares; for, though it once conferred commands, fasces, legions,—everything, now it restrains its ambition, and worries itself after two boons alone, its bread and its games. 'I hear many will die.' 'No doubt of it; there's a great furnace heated; my friend Brutidius met me at the altar of Mars, and he was rather pale. How anxious I am lest Ajax

demand satisfaction for his defeat—for the weak defence! Ho! let's run at full speed, and, even while he yet lies on the bank, plant our heels in Caesar's enemy! But let our slaves see, lest any deny it, and collar his master, and drag him panic-stricken to the bar.' This then was the talk about Sejanus; these the smothered whispers of the crowd. Do you wish to be courted as Sejanus was: to own as much: to give the highest curule offices to one: to set another over the Forces: to be deemed guardian of the Emperor squatted on his prison rock of Capreae with his mob of astrologers? You'd like at least to have pikes and cohorts, an escort of highborn cavalry, and a bodyguard in your house. Why should you not? Even those who don't wish to take a man's life desire the power to do so. Yet what glory or success is worth having, if the counterpoise of adversity is to equal the prosperity? Say, would you rather don the State-robe of this wretch now hauled along, or be the Podestà of Fidenae or Gabii, or pass sentence on false weights and break up short measures, an Aedile out at elbows in that desert Ulubrae? Well then, you admit that Sejanus knew not what men should covet; for, while coveting excessive honors and hankering after excessive wealth, he was but adding story to story of a lofty tower, whence his fall might be from a greater height, and his descent in ruin once begun the more terrific. What tumbled over a Crassus, and a Pompey, and the leader who broke the proud Romans' spirit and brought them 'neath his lash? Why, 'twas this seeking by every means alike the highest place, and the prayers for greatness heard too well by the malicious gods. Few are the kings that go down to Ceres' son-in-law without a murderous wound, few tyrants by a bloodless death!

The boy still courting Minerva thriftily with a single copper, and followed by a slave—urchin to mind the little book-box, begins to covet the eloquence and fame of Demosthenes or Cicero, and covets it the whole March-holiday through. But eloquence was the bane of both orators: a bountiful and exuberant spring of genius sent both to their death. Genius had hand and neck hacked through, and the Rostra never ran with the life-blood of a feeble pleader.

'O happy Rome and fortunate, Late born under my consulate!'

He might have scorned Antony's swords, had all his utterances been like this. Let me rather write this grotesque doggrel than thee, O heaven-inspired Philippic of surpassing fame—rolled next the first. Cruel, too, was the end that hurried off that orator, the wonder of Athens, the torrent of eloquence, who curbed as with a bridle the crowded theatre. He

was born under frowning gods and adverse fates, whom his father, half blinded by the soot of the red-hot iron, sent away from coals, and tongs, and sword-fashioning anvil, and grimy fire-god to the elocution-master.

Spoils of wars—a breast-plate nailed to some maimed trophies, a cheek-piece hanging from a broken helmet, a voke docked of its pole, the flagstaff from some prize galleon, a dejected captive on the top of some triumphal arch,—these are deemed to transcend all human good: to this each generalissimo, Roman, Greek, or barbarian, has aspired. These have supplied the motive of their enterprise and toil. So much more potent is the thirst for fame than for virtue! Why, who embraces virtue for herself, bating her rewards? And yet their fatherland was long since ruined by the glory of a few and by their lust for praise and for an epitaph to linger on the slabs that guard their ashes, slabs which it needs but the destructive vigour of the barren fig-tree to shatter—since even tombs have their appointed end. Just weigh Hannibal. How many pounds will you find in that greatest of captains? This is he for whom Africa is too small— Africa lashed by the Moorish main, and stretching to the tepid Nile, and on another side to the Ethiopian tribes and their towering elephants! To his empire is added Spain: he skips over the Pyrenees; Nature barred his path by Alps and snow: he rives the rocks and bursts the mountain with vinegar. Now he holds Italy, and yet he still strains forward. 'Nothing,' cries he, 'is done, unless with our Punic soldiery we burst the city gates, and I plant my standard in the heart of Subura.' Oh, what a face! oh, what a subject for a caricature—the monster of Gaetulia backed by the one-eyed general! What, then, is his end? Fie, Glory! The conqueror of course is conquered, and hastes to exile: and there he sits, an august dependant—a gazing-stock at a king's gates—until it please his Bithynian majesty to wake. 'Tis not the sword nor stones nor javelins that shall extinguish that soul which once embroiled the world, but a ring, avenging Cannae, exacting retribution for all that blood. Off with you, madman! Scour the bleak Alps—all to catch the fancy of boys, and to become a theme for recitation! A single world is not enough for the boy-warrior of Pella: he frets, poor soul! at the scanty limits of an universe, as if confined within Gyarus' rocks or tiny Seriphus. But, when once he has entered the city built by potters, a coffin will be all he'll need. Death alone tells the secret how small are men's anatomies! The world has long believed in Athos being sailed over, with all the other lying tales that Grecian

History ventures on: we believe that the sea was paved by the same navy, making a solid road for wheels, and that deep rivers failed, and streams were drunk dry when the Mede breakfasted, and all the rest that Sostratus booms out, his shoulders reeking with his efforts. Still in what plight came he home after flying from Salamis, he who, like a true barbarian, so often stormed, lash in hand, at West and East, though they had never brooked this in Aeolus' jail: he who had bound with chains the very god who shakes the earth? (Too kind, on my word, not to think he deserved the branding-iron as well! Any deity might be thankful to serve such a lord!) But in what case did he return? Why, with a single galley, through blood-stained waves, his prow clogged by masses of dead. Such was the penalty exacted by that oft-coveted glory!

'Grant me a long span of life, grant me many years, O Jupiter!' This you crave with the look of health, and this and nought else when pale with sickness. But see with what endless and what grievous troubles teems protracted age! Mark, first of all, that hideous and repulsive face, a caricature of itself: for skin an ugly hide: flabby cheeks, and wrinkles—the picture of those which, where Thabraca spreads its shady woodlands, the mother monkey scratches on her aged jowl. Youths have many

points of contrast: one is handsomer than another, and he than a third: another is much stronger than his neighbour; old men all look the same: limbs and voice alike palsied: a scalp now hairless: a nose drivelling like an infant's: toothless jaws, with which, poor wretch! to mumble his bread. Loathsome to such a degree to wife, and child, and self, as to turn the stomach even of Cossus the legacyhunter! His relish for wine and food is no more the same, now his palate is dulled. . . . Look now at the loss of another organ. What pleasure finds he in the music of a harper, although first-rate, nay, though he be Seleucus, or one of those who commonly make such a fine show with their goldtrimmed cloaks? What matters it to him in what part of the spacious theatre he sits, who will scarcely hear the trumpeters and the blare of the horns? It needs a bawl for his ear to catch the sound, should his page announce a visitor or the hour of day. Besides, the little blood still left in his chilly frame needs a fever to thaw it. Maladies in every guise hover round him in battalions. Should you ask their names, I could sooner tell you Oppia's lovers, or the patients despatched in a single autumn by Dr Themison, the partners that Basilus cheated, the wards that Hirrus tricked. . . . I could run over more quickly the list of villas that the barber now holds, beneath

whose clipping hand my strong beard rustled in my younger days. One is crippled in the shoulder, one in the loins, one in the hips: yonder has lost both his eyes, and envies those with one: this man's bloodless lips take their food with another's fingers: he himself, so long wont to part his jaws at the sight of dinner, can only gape like a young swallow, to which the mother-bird, fasting herself, flies with laden beak. But worse than any weakness of limbs is that dotage which forgets slaves' names, and the face of the friend with whom he dined last night, and those he has begotten and reared. For by a heartless will he disinherits his own kin: all his property is transferred to Phiale in return for foul services. And, even though his faculties be sound, yet he must escort his sons to their grave, must look on the pyre of his beloved wife and of his brother and on urns laden with his sister's ashes. This is the penalty paid by longlivers, to pass to age amid fresh crops of family bereavements, thick-coming woestime after time the wail of anguish and the suit of black! The king of Pylos, if you put any trust in great Homer, was a case of long life beaten only by the crow. Happy man! one would say, who put off his death so many ages, and already is telling the tale of his years on his right hand, and has tasted the new wine of so many vintages. I pray you,

hearken a moment how heavily he complains of the decrees of fate and of the excessive length of life's thread, when he sees his brave Antilochus' beard in the flame, and asks of each and every comrade present why he lasts all this while, what deed of shame he has committed to deserve so tedious a life. The same comes from Peleus when he mourns Achilles snatched away, and from that other whom piety bids mourn his Ithacan on the deep. While Troy was yet unscathed, Priam would have descended to Assaracus' shade with gorgeous rites, with Hector and the rest of the band of brothers supporting on their shoulders the corpse, surrounded by the dames of Ilium in tears, with Cassandra to lead the dirge and Polyxena with her robe rent, if only he had lost his life at another time, ere Paris had begun to build his daring barks. So length of days gained him-what? He saw general ruin and Asia perishing by sword and flame. Then he donned his arms and doffed his tiara, a tottering soldier, and down he falls before the altar of high Jove, like an aged steer now discarded by the thankless plough and presenting its lean poor neck to its owner's knife. But his was at least a human end: whereas his queen survived him only to glower and growl, a snarling cur. I pass quickly to our own, and skip the king of Pontus, and Croesus, whom

the eloquent words of Solon the Just bade look to the last round of his long life's course. That banishment, that jail, Minturnae's swamps, and the bread of beggary in conquered Carthage, all had their origin in this. What happier object in the world than that citizen could Nature or could Rome have produced, if, after leading round the train of captives amid all the circumstance of war, he had breathed out his soul in glory even when alighting from his Teutonic car? Campania in her foresight had given Pompeius fever-fits (a boon to pray for;) but a host of cities with their public prayers were too strong: and so the fortune of the general and of our city took from him after his defeat his head reprieved awhile. Lentulus escaped that horror, and Cethegus, spared such penalty, fell unmutilated, and Catilina lay with corse unmangled.

The mother eagerly prays in accents low for beauty for her boys, aloud for her girls, as she looks at Venus' shrine—even to fastidiousness in her requests. 'But why take me to task?' says she, 'Latona joys in her Dian's beauty.' Yet Lucretia warns against craving a fair face like her own: Verginia would be glad to take Rutila's hump, and present her charms to Rutila. Besides, a son of rare beauty always keeps his parents wretched and anxious; so rarely are beauty and chastity united. . . . 'Still,

if he be chaste, what harm in his beauty?' Nay, what good did their stern resolve do to Hippolytus and Bellerophon? Why, Stheneboea flushed red, as if she had been scorned through this rebuff, and she, too, like the Cretan dame, blazed up, and both of them shook for very wrath. 'Tis then a woman is most pitiless when shame spurs her hatred on. Decide this: what, think you, should one advise the man whom Caesar's wife intends to espouse? He, the pick and flower of a noble house, is hurried off to be slain, poor man, by Messalina's eyes. She has sat long a-waiting, her veil all ready; and the Tyrian marriage-bed is there, set out in public in the gardens; the million of dowry will be given in the time-honoured form, and augurs and witnesses will come. You thought this a secret, Silius, and entrusted but to few! Nay, she will not give her hand unless en règle. What do you prefer? Say! Refuse to assent, and you die before nightfall: commit the crime, and you'll get a trifling respite, till the news, the gossip of Town and the people, shall reach the monarch's ears. He will be the last to learn the dishonour of his house. Meantime, obey Imperial orders, if a few days' life is worth the price. Whichever you deem the easier and better lot, you still will have to present that fair white neck to the sword.

Shall men, then, pray for nothing? If you'll take my advice, you will allow the gods themselves to determine what is best for us, and suits our fortunes best; for the gods will give us-not the most pleasant, but the most fitting in each case. Dearer to them is man than to himself. We through the impulse of our hearts, and lured on by blind and inordinate desire, pray for a wife, and that a fruitful one: but they know what the boys will be, and the character of the wife. Still, that you may not be without a petition, and that you may have some reason for vowing a meat-offering to the shrines—a white porker's holy sausages—pray for a healthy mind in a healthy body: pray for a brave spirit free from fear of death: a spirit that counts life's last stage one of Nature's boons, and that can endure any toil: innocent of anger, free from desire, and holding the pains of Hercules and his cruel labours above amours, and feasts, and Sardanapalluscouches. I am prescribing what you can give yourself; 'tis certain that the only path to a life of peace lies through virtue. Fortune, thou hast no divinity, if wisdom be with us; 'tis we, 'tis we, who deify thee, and place thy habitation in heaven.

XI.

Atticus dining sumptuously is reckoned princely, Rutilus crazy. Why, what is greeted with louder laughter from the mob than a pauper epicure? Every social gathering, public bath, lounge, and theatre are talking of Rutilus. For, while his sturdy young frame is equal to the helmet, and is fired with warm blood, the story goes that—not, indeed, forced by the Tribune, but not prevented either—he is about to subscribe to the statutes and royal mandates of the trainer. Further, there are many that you see, whom the creditor, so often baffled, has taken to looking for just at the market's entrance: these have no end in life but merely their palate! He has the finest and best dinner who is most 'in distress' of them all, and who must soon come down—the light already showing through the rent. Meanwhile, they rifle every element for relishes. Price is never a bar to their fancies. Watch more closely, and you'll see that the greater is the cost the greater is their enjoyment. And so they feel no scruple in raising a sum to squander, though they must pawn their dishes, or break up a mother's bust: no scruple in making a glutton's delf dainty with four hundred sesterces. 'Tis thus they come to the messes of the training-school. And so it makes

a difference who provides the said fine dainties. Rutilus 'tis dissipation: in Ventidius it gets a creditable name, and from his income draws a fair repute. I may fairly despise one who knows how much higher Atlas is than all the other mountains in Libya, if he—that very same man—has yet to learn the difference 'twixt a little purse and iron-bound money-chest. From Heaven came down the $\Gamma\nu\hat{\omega}\theta\iota$ σεαυτόν: words to be implanted and cherished in your heart's remembrance, whether you seek a wife, or fain would be a member of the holy Senate—for even Thersites does not ask for the breastplate of Achilles, in which Ulysses made but a poor show. Or, if you aspire to defend a risky cause with mighty issues, then, in that case, question yourself, inform yourself who you are—a fiery orator, or like those windbags Curtius and Matho. You must know the measure of Self, and make it your study in matters great and small: yes, even when you have but to buy some fish—that so you may not hanker for a mullet, with but a gudgeon's worth within your purse. Why, what end awaits you, if your larder is shrinking, as your appetite grows: if patrimony and goods are engulfed in your maw, that absorbs both dividends and silver plate, cattle and lands? From such masters their ring, following the rest of their goods, passes away, last of all, and Pollio goes a-begging with finger bare. Excess has not to fear the untimely urn nor the too-early grave; but old age has more terrors for it than death. The steps are mostly these. The borrowed money is frittered away at Rome under the owners' eyes; and then, when some poor trifle only is left, and the usurer looks anxious, they give leg-bail, and scurry off to Baiae and its oysters. For to levant from 'Change is now-a-days no worse than to shift your quarters from bustling Subura to Esquiliae. One pang, one grief afflicts the exiles—to have lost for one whole year the circus-shows! There's not a drop of blood left lingering in their cheeks. Few try to stop the flight from Town of ridiculous Modesty.

To-day, Persicus, you shall see if I don't make good these ideas—so very fine to talk about—in my life, that is, in my principles and practice: if I cry up beans, though a gourmand on the sly: if I call to my servant in others' hearing 'Porridge,' but whisper in his ear 'Cakes.' For, my promised guest, as you are, you'll have an Evander in me: you'll come as the hero of Tiryns, or the guest inferior, indeed, to him, yet himself linked with Heaven by his kinship—the one ushered into the skies by water, the other by fire. Hear now our bill of fare, which no market furnished forth. There will come to my board from the district of Tivoli the fattest of sucking-kids, the

tenderest of all the flock: 'tis innocent of grass, and has not ventured yet to crop the drooping willow's shoots: it has in its body more milk than blood. Next-mountain asparagus, culled by my bailiff's goodwife, her spinning done. Besides these huge eggs, warm in their hay-wisps, with the fowl that laid them, are here, and grapes preserved through a good part of the year, fresh as when on the vines: pears, too, of Signia and of Syria; and from the self-same basket come apples, to match those of Picenum. They smell quite fresh; you need not dread them, now that they have got rid of their autumn and of the dangers of unripe juice through the drying cold. Such was once the dinner of our Senators, when growing now less simple. Curius used with his own hands to set upon his modest fire the plain vegetables he had gathered in his tiny garden—a mess at which now-a-days a dirty wretch who digs in heavy chains turns up his nose, remembering the flavour of a sow's paunch in the steaming cook-shop. It was in old times the usual thing to keep for holidays the flitch of smoked pork that hung from the rack with its few pegs, and to set fat bacon before one's kith and kin at birthday feasts, a fresh joint being added, if a sacrifice gave the chance. To such a meal as this some kinsman thrice dubbed 'consul,' who had held command of

the Forces and the rank of Dictator, would trudge, returning earlier than usual, shouldering his hoe, the hillside vanquished. Moreover, in the days when men quailed at a Fabius and at iron Cato, at a Scaurus and at a Fabricius, when, in short, even his own colleague had to fear the censor's stern character, no one considered it worth reckoning among life's serious concerns what kind of turtle swam in ocean wave, to make for 'sons of Trojans' a fine, a noble sofa-leg; but the short couch, with sides quite plain, displayed upon its front of brass a wreathed ass's head rudely worked, and there those jolly scions of rusticity would make them merry. In those days the rough soldier, unable to appreciate Greek art, when towns were razed would break up goblets, the handiwork of the great masters, if found in his share of loot; that his charger might dote upon his trappings, and that his embossed helmet might show his dying enemy the image of Romulus' wild beast tamed at the bidding of our empire's destiny, the twin Quirini under the rock, and the nude figure of the god with shield and spear descending and bending over them. And so they used to serve their porridge up in Tuscan delf. What silver there was all glittered on their armour. All then was such as you might grudge them, if of an envious turn. Then, too, the divine presence at shrines had mightier

potency. In those days was a voice once heard near midnight's hour in the heart of the city, when the Gauls were on their way from Ocean's shore, and the gods were doing duty for the seers. 'Twas thus that Jupiter warned us. Such was the care that he bestowed upon the affairs of Latium, while yet in his clay-stage and unprofaned by gold. Those days saw tables of home make and of our native timber, the wood being stacked for such purposes, if the east wind had chanced to blow down an old walnut-tree. But now-a-days the rich find no pleasure in dinner, no flavour in turbot or venison, and think the perfumes and the roses tainted, unless the expanse of table rests on a mass of ivory, a wide-yawning rampant leopard, formed of the tusks sent us by Syene's gate, or by the nimble blackamoors, or by the Indians blacker yet than blackamoors—tusks which the monster has shed in some Nabataean forest, when they have grown too large and a nuisance to his head. Hence spring appetite and tone to the digestion. For in these men's eyes a silver pedestal is bad as an iron finger-ring. And so I am upon my guard against a stuck-up guest, who would contrast me and himself, and who scorns my humble fortune. So wholly innocent am I of a single ounce of ivory. I have not even dice nor draught-men of that substance; my very knife-

handles are but bone. And yet none of my viands get the least tainted by these, nor does the fowl cut up the worse on that account. But there will be no professional either, to whom the whole carvingcollege should give place: no pupil, I say, of Professor Trypherus, in whose class the huge sow's breast, the hare, the boar, the antelope, the fowl of Scythia, the tall flamingo, and Gaetulia's wild goata most recherché dinner, albeit of elmwood,—are carved with blunted knives, making their clatter heard all through Subura. My waiter has never learnt to purloin a slice of chamois nor the wing of a guinea-fowl—a mere tyro he, whose whole life has been as yet in the novice-stage, proficient only in filehing tiny scraps. A boy, simply clad, but so as to defy the cold, will hand you homely cups that a few coppers bought. No Phrygian nor Lycian will be there: no slave got from a dealer, and at a high price, too. When you ask for wine, ask in Latin. One and all have the same garb: their hair short-cut and uncurled, and combed to-day only because of 'company.' This is a hardy shepherd's son, a cowherd's that. This boy of 'gentle' looks and 'gentle' modest bearing—just such as those should be who wear the flaring purple—sighs for his mother whom for so long a time he has not seen and for the little cottage, and frets after his friends the kids. He'll

hand you wine racked off among the hills whence he himself comes, beneath whose crest he has played.

. . We make allowance for the rich, but the dice-box disgraces and adultery disgraces the men of moderate means. When rich men practise vices of that sort they get the name of 'merry blades' and 'gay sparks.' Our feast to-day will offer quite another kind of treat. The poet of the 'Tale of Troy' shall be rehearsed, and the verses of deeptoned Maro that dispute the palm with his rival's song. What matters it with what voice such lines are read?

But now defer your anxieties: banish business: treat yourself to a welcome rest; for it shall be your privilege to idle all day long. Not one word about usury; don't gather spleen against your wife, even though she has given you cause. Hey, presto! divest yourself of all your troubles before my door. Leave there your housekeeping, and your slaves, and all their breakages and waste. Above all, leave there ungrateful friends. Meanwhile, the gazing crowd pay worship to the Idaean rites of Mighty Mother's 'dishclout.' As in a triumph, there sits the Praetor, the victim of horseflesh; and, if I may say so by leave of the countless, overgrown populace, the Circus holds all Rome to-day; and now a din strikes on my ear, from which I gather the success of the

green 'rag.' For, were it to fail, you'd see this Rome sullen and dazed, as if her consuls had been routed on a Cannae's dusty field. Let the young men sit there, and gaze at it. It suits their years to bawl, and make bold wagers, and sit beside a smart young woman. Let my wrinkled skin bask in the spring sunshine, and be relieved of the official gown. Even now you may go to your bath, and need not blush, though a whole hour be wanting yet to noon. You could not do this five days running; for ennui is potent even in a life like this. Sparing indulgence sweetens pleasures.

XII.

Sweeter to me, Corvinus, than my own birthday is this morning's dawn, when the festal turf-altar is waiting for the beasts vowed to the gods. We lead to the sacrifice a snowy lamb for the Queen of Heaven; a fleece as white shall be bestowed on her who is armed with the Mauritanian gorgon-shield. But the victim reserved for Tarpeian Jove is jerking impatiently the long slack rope and tossing his head—a wild young steer, in sooth: ripe for temple or altar and for his baptism of wine; already he thinks it shame to drain the udders of his dam, and

gores the oak-trees with his budding horn. Had I large means to match my inclinations, a bull fatter than Hispulla, and lazy from sheer bulk, should be dragged to his death. No nursling of our home pastures, but one whose blood gave bold advertisement of Clitumnus' rich grazing-grounds-whose neck none but a giant slaughterer could strikeshould go to the altar, to fête the return of my friend, yet quaking at his fell sufferings gone through so lately, and marvelling to find himself in safety. For not alone from ocean's perils was he saved, but lightning strokes as well. Dense was the gloom that veiled the firmament in an unbroken cloud, sudden the flash which smote the yard-arms. Each thought the blow had fallen on himself, and on the instant awestruck felt no kind of wreck could be as bad as sails on fire. Just in such fashion, just with such horrors does everything proceed, when a storm gets up in a poem. Here's another phase of the peril! Hear it, and feel fresh pity; albeit the rest of the tale is but a portion of the same mishap, terrible, no doubt, but experienced by not a few, as many a shrine with its votive pictures testifies. Who does not know that painters get their bread from Isis? The hold being now half-filled with the waves, as the waters rolled the ship's sides up and down, and all the grizzled skipper's cunning failed to ease

the crazy mast, he * settled to compromise the matter with the winds by lightening her-copying the beaver, that emasculates himself, with a view to escape with the loss of his pouch: so well he understands the virtues of his groin. 'Over with my goods! With all of them!' Catullus would reiterate, eager to pitch away his choicest finery, his purple raiment, fit even for dandies of the Maecenastype, and other fabrics dyed on the sheeps' backs by the properties of the rich pasture,-though, doubtless, the fine water of the Baetis with its hidden potency, and the climate, too, lend their aid. Nor did our friend hesitate to send over his silver plate salvers, Parthenius' handiwork: a three-gallon bowl, worthy of Pholus when athirst, or Fuscus' wife: to these add baskets, hundreds of dinner-plates, and a store of embossed cups, from which the wily purchaser of Olynthus had drunk. What other man?-In what part of the world is there one, who has the hardihood to hold his life more precious than his plate, his safety than his substance? And now the chief part of his 'necessaries' is flung away; yet even these sacrifices fail to lighten her. Then, under stress of danger, to this he was reduced, to make the mast go down before his axe, and so he frees him from his straits. A desperate pass, indeed, when the

^{*} i.e., Catullus.

relief we bring must main the ship! Go to, now! Commit your life to the winds, and rest your trust upon a rough-hewn board, parted, as you are, from death by but four finger-breadths—seven, if the plank be extra thick! And now look well to your bread-bag and your corpulent flagon: aye, and your hatchet, too—FOR USE IN STORMS! But soon as the sea sank and was smooth, and the voyager's lucky hour and his destiny, stronger than wind or wave, smiled on him-when the Fates with kindly hand blithely ply a cheerier task, and spin their white woollen yarn, and the wind, scarce stronger than a moderate breeze, has come to aid—in sorry plight the bow forged on with the poor makeshift of clothes spread out and with its own sail, the only one remaining. And now the south wind dies away: back came at once the sun and hope of life: then is descried that towering height Iulus loved and preferred for a home to his stepmother's Lavinium, the height that got its name from the white sow, with womb that filled with wonder the delighted Phrygians—a sow that made herself a name by her thirty teats, a sight unmatched! At length he sails within the piers built through the waters they enclose, and the 'Pharos of Tuscany,' and those arms stretching back landwards, which confront the sea, and leave Italy far in their rear. (You must not then admire

so much the havens of nature's giving.) But, as his bark is crippled, the skipper makes for the calm waters of the sheltered inner basin, which a pinnace of Baiae could navigate; and there the light-hearted mariners with shaven crowns tell merrily the wordy tale of their adventures.

Go, then, boys: with reverence in word and thought garland the shrines, and sprinkle meal upon the knives, and decorate your altars of soft emerald turf. Anon I'll follow, and, the chief rite duly performed, will hie me home, to where my tiny images with their sleek coat of crumbling wax receive the tribute of a slender wreath. Here will I win the heart of our Household Jove, and to the Lares of my sires will offer incense, and scatter violets of every hue. All looks gay; the house-door has mounted its trailing boughs, and in its gala dress joins in the rites with lamps lighted at dawn.

Nor need you look on this suspiciously, Corvinus. Catullus, for whose return I rear so many altars, has got three little heirs. I'd like to know who would lay out on so unpromising a friend an invalided hen just closing her eyes on life. Nay, too extravagant an outlay, that! Not even a quail will ever come to its end for a father's behoof. If Gallitta, the millionaire, or Paccius—childless, both of them—have got a touch of fever, their vestibules forthwith are lined

with tablets fastened up in orthodox style, and men start up to vow a hecatomb: not, it is true, elephants, but only because there are none for sale in Italy, nor indeed is such a monster bred in Latium nor anywhere beneath our skies. No: brought from the and of the blacks, they browse on the Rutulians' trees and Turnus' dominions—the private stud of Caesar they, and not prepared to serve a commoner; since their progenitors were wont to do the will of Hannibal the Tyrian, and of our Generals, and the Molossian King, and to bear whole cohorts on their backs-no small contingent for the battle-and towers that marched to war. So 'tis no fault of Novius, no fault of Pacuvius Hister, that the 'ivory monster' is not taken to the altars, to fall before Gallitta's Lares—the only victim worthy such Household Gods and those who court them. Nay, one of that pair, if you permit the offering, will vow all the choicest hands—all the tall ones—of his slave-gang, or will put the sacrificial band upon his pages or on the brows of his handmaidens, and, should he have in his house an Iphigeneia ripe for marriage, he'll give her to the altars, although not hoping for the sly substitution of the Tragedian's hind. Bravo, my fellow-countryman! I hold a thousand ships a trifle to a will. For, should the patient dodge the Funeral-Queen, he will unmake his will, a prisoner in the fishtrap, after that service, that 'really marvellous service;' and mayhap will tersely name as his sole heir Pacuvius, who then will strut along triumphantly, his rivals all discomfited. And so you see how fine a compensation the slaughter of his Mycenian maid secures him. Long life to Pacuvius, I pray; yea, a whole Nestor's span! And may he own as much as Nero stole, and pile his gold up mountains high, have none to love, and be by none beloved!

XIII.

Each new case of crime brings pain to the doer. With this his punishment begins—no criminal is acquitted at the bar of his own conscience, though the Praetor's urn be tampered with, and corrupt influence gain a verdict. But what do you suppose, Calvinus, the world thinks of the late crime and this charge of a breach of trust? Then, too, the property that fell to you is not small enough for the weight of a moderate loss to crush you, and yours is an every-day trouble. Such a calamity is familiar to many: 'tis hackneyed now, and drawn at random from fortune's heap. Let us give over immoderate grief. A man's sorrow should not burn too high, should not be disproportioned to the blow. Yet you can scarcely bear the very tiniest scrap of trouble, however light:

and your heart boils with passion because your friend embezzles a deposit taken on oath. And this surprises one who has already left behind him sixty years of life, who was born in Fonteius' consulship! Does so much knowledge of the world help one to nothing better? Noble, no doubt, the maxims that Philosophy, mistress of Fortune, lays down in her sacred writings. Still we think those fortunate, too, whom Life has schooled to bear its vexations, nor fret beneath the yoke. What day is so complete a holiday that it can rest in the supplying of theft, treachery, and fraud, the hunt for pelf by every form of felony, the winning wealth by sword or poison-box? The good indeed are few, hardly as many as the gates of Thebes or mouths of teeming Nilus. We live in the Ninth Century, an era worse than the Age of Iron. To match its badness Nature can find from her own stores no name, no metal base enough to represent it. We make appeal to all that's honest in Heaven and Earth as noisily as his clamorous pensioners applaud Faesidius' pleading. But say, old man, whom childhood's badge best suits, do you not know the charms of your neighbour's money? Do you not know what merriment your simple wit awakens in the public, when you require of anyone to keep from perjury, and to believe in a Celestial presence at shrines and blood-stained altar? Such

were the principles of the old sons of the soil, ere Saturn fled, and, laying by his crown, took to a peasant's sickle, in days when Juno was a little wench, and Jupiter still lived in a private station among the caves of Ida. No merry-making then above the clouds among the denizens of Heaven, no Trojan page, nor Hercules' lovely wife for cup-bearer, nor Vulcan to strain the nectar, and then wipe his arms begrimed in his workshop at Lipara. Each god then dined alone. Then there was no such mob of deities as now. The stars, satisfied with a handful of divinities, pressed lightlier on poor Atlas. No one as yet had won by lot Hell's gloomy realm. There was no grim Pluto with his Sicilian bride, no Ixion's wheel, no Furies, no stone of Sisyphus, no fell vulture's vengeance; Hell was without a king, and the Ghosts had a jolly time. Dishonesty was a thing to wonder at in those days, days when they thought it heinous sin that death alone could purge, if a young man had failed to rise before his senior, or a boy before a bearded youth, no matter whom, albeit the former had more strawberries at home to look at and bigger heaps of acorns. So great the dignity of four years' seniority: so much alike in honour were youth's first down and venerable age! But, now-a-days, if friend deny not a deposit, if he restore the old bag with all its rust, oh! what portentous honesty! 'tis fit for a place in

the Etruscan books, and should be charmed away with wreath-crowned lamb. If I descry a man of honesty and honour, I liken such anomaly to hybrid boy, or fish discovered underneath the wondering plough, or to a mule in foal. I feel as much disquieted as though it had rained stones, as though a swarm of bees had lit in trailing cluster on a temple-roof, or a river had flowed to sea, rolling along an abnormal flood of seething milk.

Do you complain that your ten thousand sesterces have been embezzled by an impious fraud? What, if your neighbour has lost two hundred thousand in the same way, but unattested: a third a sum still larger, which a big coffer with every corner crammed could barely hold? So easy and obvious a thing it is to ignore the witness of the gods, if no mortal knows the fact. Mark his loud denial, his steady, though feigned, look. He swears by the Sun's beams and the Tarpeian bolts, by the pike of Mars and the shafts of Cirra's Prophet-God, by the arrows and quiver of the Huntress Maid, by thy trident, Neptune, Father of the Aegean; he throws in, too, the bow of Hercules, Minerva's javelin, yea, all the weapons in Heaven's armouries. But if he be a father, too, he says, 'If not, may my son be boiled, and may I have to eat his poor head, soused in Egyptian vinegar!'

Some there are who assign everything to the caprice of Fortune, and believe that no ruler controls the Universe, and that it is Nature that regulates the revolutions of days and years, and so they have no fear of touching any altar. This man believes that there are gods, and, perjuring himself, thus reasons in his heart: 'Let Isis pass sentence as she please upon my body, and smite my eyes with the rattle of her wrath, if only, when I lose my sight, I clutch the gold, the loan of which I disavow. Consumption, festering sores, and mutilated leg are a fair price to pay for that. Even Ladas, if penniless, should not hesitate (unless, indeed, he needs Anticyra's drug or the services of Archigenes) to pray for the rich man's gout. For what avail the fame of fleetness and branches of Olympian olive-with starvation? Though the gods' wrath be heavy, yet certainly it's slow. If then they are careful to punish every culprit, when will they reach me? But haply, too, I shall find the Deity indulgent. He often pardons faults like this. Many commit like crimes with varying results. One man's rascality the gibbet earns, another's wins the crown.' And so he steels his heart that flutters with the horror of a dreadful crime, and, if you challenge him to come to a holy shrine, he leads the way: nay, more, he's eager to convey you there, and press you to the test; for, when a bad cause finds support in great effrontery, 'tis thought by many conscious innocence. Yet all the while he plays a farce like witty Catullus' runaway slave. Poor man, you bawl loud enough to drown the voice of Stentor, nay, loud as Homer's God of Battles, 'O Jupiter, dost hear all that, and yet not ope thy lips, when, even though only marble and brass, thou should'st have broken silence? Else why do we empty in thy thurible our paper bag of holy incense, and offer minced calf's liver and pig's white chitterlings? As far as I can see, there's nought to choose between the images of you gods and the statue of a Vagellius.'

Hear on the other hand what comfort can be offered even by one unread alike in Cynic lore and maxims of the Stoics—distinguished from the Cynics by their shirts—by one who does not look for guidance to Epicurus, so happy in the shrubberies of his tiny garden. Let desperate cases be treated by great physicians; but you may trust your vein even to a pupil of Philippus. If you can point to no crime so detestable throughout the world, I have no more to say. I do not forbid that you should thump your breast with clenched fist nor beat your brow with open palm. Of course we must shut up the house when loss has been sustained, and money lost is sorrowed for with more domestic wailing and more

ado than loss by death. For under this calamity none counterfeit distress: no one contents himself with slitting his tunic's edge and squeezing a forced drop out of his eye. The loss of money is bewailed with genuine tears. But, if you see at every judgmentseat the like complaints abounding: if, after their own bills have been ten times read over by the opposite side, they say the signature is forged, the document worthless-convicted, as they are, by their own writing and their signet, the queen of sardonyxes, in ivory casket treasured—think you, fine gentleman, to be exempted from the common lot, because you are a white hen's cockerel, and we but sorry chickens, hatched of unlucky eggs? Your suffering is but slight, and one you would endure with moderate chagrin, if you but glanced at graver crimes. Compare the hiring an assassin, or incendiarism essayed with brimstone laid by stealth, when the flames first gather at your outer door. Compare, too, those who carry off some ancient temple's massive chalices with their venerable rust, a nation's gift, or crowns that a monarch of old days dedicated. But, if there be none such, a meaner temple-burglar starts up, to scrape a gilded Hercules' thigh and Neptune's face itself, and strip from Castor his gold leaf. Why should he hesitate? 'Tis no uncommon thing to melt a Thunderer down entire. Compare,

besides, the poison-makers and the poison-vendors: another, too, who must be sent to sea in a cow's hide -an innocent ape, the victim of unkindly fate, his fellow-prisoner. Yet what a fraction this of the crimes that Gallicus the City Prefect hears of from rise of Lucifer to set of Sun! If you would know the dispositions of mankind, that single courthouse is enough. Spend a few days therein, and, when you leave it, call yourself wretched—if you dare. In the Alps who wonders at goître, or in Meroe at the mother's breast bigger than her chubby baby? Who marvels at a German's blue eyes or at his yellow hair with greasy curls twisted in tufts? Simply because they all are of a common type. To meet the screaming cloud of swooping Thracian birds the pigmy warrior rushes in his dwarfish armour. Next moment, succumbing to his foe, with crooked talons borne through air he is swept away by a savage crane. If you saw this among ourselves, you'd be convulsed with laughter; but there, though like encounters may be continually witnessed, none laugh, because the whole host there does not exceed a foot in height.

Shall there, then, be no chastisement for the perjured creature—for this horrible treachery? Suppose him dragged off forthwith with a heavy chain upon him, and executed at our will (what more could

vengeance wish?) yet still the loss remains, nor will you ever get the trust-money back, while the consolation of a drop of blood from his headless corpse will bring hatred too. 'Aye, but revenge is a blessing sweeter than life itself.' Why, that is what the ignorant say, whose passions you may see blaze up on trifling provocation (at times with none at all). Chrysippus will not say the same, nor gentle-tempered Thales, nor the old sage who lived hard by Hymettus, that hill of sweets, who in his cruel bondage would not share with his accuser the dose of hemlock. In fact vindictiveness is ever the delight of stunted, weak, mean spirits, as you may soon infer from this, that no one feels more pleasure than a woman in revenge. But why suppose they have escaped, whom the guilty memory of their dreadful crime keeps in terror, and smites with noiseless whip, their torturing conscience wielding the unseen lash? Nay, but their punishment is keen, and much more pitiless than any that stern Caedicius and Rhadamanthus can invent—to bear their witness in their breast by night and day. The Pythian Prophetess in answer to a certain Spartan said his punishment would come in time, because he had in his mind debated the keeping a deposit and brazening out the fraud by perjury; for he enquired what was the mind of Heaven, and if Apollo urged the crime.

And so from fear, not principle, he gave it back, yet furnished proof that every utterance from the shrine was true and worthy of that fane; for, all the same, he was cut off, and all his children, and his household, and all his kin, however remote the line of their descent. Such punishment attends the mere desire to sin; for he who in secret meditates a crime within his breast incurs the guilt of crime committed. And what, if he has carried out his ends? Then his disquietude knows no relief, abating not even at mealtime, when his mouth is parched as if with fever, and the tasteless food swells between his grinders. Poor wretch, he spits out the wines of Setia: the costly Alban mellowed by old age disgusts him. Offer a choicer brand, still clouds of wrinkles gather on his brow, such as the sharp Falernian causes. At night —if so be his solicitude has vouchsafed him a little doze, and, after tossing over all the couch, his limbs at last are resting—straightway he sees in dreams the shrine and altars of the outraged god, and, what oppresses his heart with a peculiar horror—a vision of yourself! Your form, weird and colossal, scares him with terror, and drives him to confession. 'Tis such as he that quake and blench at every lightningflash, and, when it thunders, faint with fear even at the firmament's first rumble, as though not from mere chance or rage of winds, but in wrath and

judgment, the flame was falling on the earth. If last storm did no hurt, the next is feared with more profound anxiety, as though this lull was but a mere reprieve. And then, too, the instant that they feel the pain of pleurisy with its fever banishing sleep, these they regard as slings and arrows of the gods, and think the sickness has been sent upon their frames by an offended Heaven. They dare not vow to the shrine a bleating lamb, or promise a cock's comb to their Household Gods; for what hope is left to the villain's sick couch? Nay, what victim is not more worthy to live? When they commit the crime, they have the help of daring; the difference 'twixt right and wrong they begin to feel too late, their crimes accomplished. But still nature fixed and unalterable harks back to habits reprobated; for who has ever fixed a limit to his sins? or when has anyone gained back the blush once banished from his brazen face? What man have you yet seen content himself with one misdeed? Our perjured friend will step into the trap, will make acquaintance with the hook of the dark prison, or with some cliff in the Aegean, where noble exiles swarm upon the crags. You will exult in the bitter punishment of one you hate, and then at length will joyfully admit no god is either deaf or like 'the sightless seer.'

XIV.

Fuscinus, there's many an act meriting infamy and imprinting a lasting stain on nature's fair creations, which parents of themselves suggest and pass on to their boys. If your old age finds solace in the ruinous dice, your heir takes to gambling, while still an infant, and rattles the missiles of your warfare in his miniature dice-box. Nor will any of his kin be allowed to hope better things of a young man who has learnt from the teachings of a good-fornothing parent and an old man's gluttony how to peel truffles, and pickle mushrooms, and bolt the beccaficoes soused in the paternal sauce. When seven years have passed over the boy's head, before his second crop of teeth has all sprung up, though you set bearded sages at him, a thousand at each elbow, still he will always desire to dine in sumptuous style, and to have no decline in his kitchen's glories. Does Rutilus teach gentleness and leniency towards trivial faults, and that slaves' souls and bodies have like constituents and common elements with ours? or does he not rather teach cruelty, this Rutilus, who delights in the blood-curdling hiss of the knout, preferring the music of the lash to all the sirens' songs -an Antiphates and Polyphemus to his cowering

household—then at his happiest when the torturer is called, and someone is branded with the hot iron, and all for a pair of towels? What does his joy in the clanking of chains suggest to his son? Or his strange delight in branded gangs and country bridewells? Do you expect Larga's daughter to be moral, who never can rehearse her mother's paramours however rapidly, string them together however trippingly, without full thirty gasps for breath? While still a girl she was mamma's accomplice; and now, at her dictation, she fills her own tiny tablets, and sends them to her gallants by the old disreputable go-betweens. Such is Nature's law. Bad homeexamples taint more quickly, because they enter our minds with weightier authority. Perhaps they may be spurned by a youth or two, whose hearts the Titan moulded with gracious purpose and of finer clay; but the rest are guided by their fathers' fatal footprints, and drawn on in the track of inveterate crime so long familiar to their eyes. Therefore refrain from all that merits blame. There is at any rate one motive that commands this course—the fear lest our own offspring copy our vice; for all of us are quick to imitate what's base and bad; you'll find a Catiline in every nation, under every sky, but not a Brutus, no, nor a Cato anywhere. Let no foul word or sight come nigh the threshold where a father dwells. Away with the

pandars' wenches! Away with the songs of that night-bird the parasite! You owe your child profoundest reverence. If meditating aught that's base, despise not your boy's tender years; but let the image of your infant son arrest you on the verge of sin. For should he some day do a deed to earn the censor's wrath, and show himself not only your counterpart in face and figure, but the heir of your character as well—one to follow in your steps, and sin every sin in worse degree—you'll chide and scold him forsooth with loud reproaches, and then proceed to change your will. But whence that boldness, whence those parental rights, when you in your old age do worse than he, and the cupping-instrument has long been on the look-out for this brainless pate of yours?

If company is coming, no slave of yours could dawdle. 'Sweep the pavement! Let me see the pillars glistening! Down with that withered spider and all her web! Ho! you! polish the plain silver, and you the figured cups!' So the master storms at the top of his voice, urging them on, with rod in hand. Poor wretch! are you, then, in a fidget lest the hall, soiled with dogs' droppings, may offend your friend's eye, when he comes, and lest the vestibule be splashed with mud—all which one little page with one half peck of sawdust puts to rights—but yet bestow no thought on this, how your son's eye shall rest upon a

household unsullied, stainless, innocent of vice? We thank you that you gave a citizen to your country and your people, if you make him serviceable to that country, helpful to its soil, helpful in public work in peace and war; for it will matter much with what lessons and principles you train him. The stork supports her young with snakes and lizards found in lonely wilds; full-fledged they seek those very reptiles. The vulture hies her from the gibbet, and dead horse, and dog, home to her young, and bears to them their share of the carcass. Such, therefore, is the full-grown vulture's food, when foraging for itself, and making a nest in a tree of its own; whereas the noble birds that are Jove's ministers chase in the woods the hare or wild goat, the flesh of which supplies their nest, whence when the brood full-grown has soared, impelled by appetite, it swoops upon the prey which first it tasted when it cracked its shell.

Cretonius had a craze for building. Now on Gaeta's winding shore, and now on Tivoli's topmost heights, or on Praeneste's hills, he reared his highroofed villas with marbles brought from Greece or further still, dwarfing both Fortune's shrine and that of Hercules as much as Eunuch Posides eclipsed our own Capitol. Thus grandly housed, Cretonius spent his cash and wrecked his fortunes. Yet still the

amount of the residue was far from small; but all of this was madly squandered by the son in raising up new villas of still finer stone.

Some, who have got from fortune a father who respects the Sabbath, are worshippers of nought except the clouds and God of Heaven, and think the flesh of swine (from which their fathers shrank) exactly on a par with that of man. Soon they are even circumcised. But, trained to scorn the laws of Rome, they learn by heart, obey, and reverence the Jewish code, the whole of that which Moses in his mystic volume handed down—to show the way to none but fellow-worshippers, to guide none but the circumcised to the stream they seek. The fault lies with the father, who made of every seventh day a day of sloth and unconcerned with any of life's interests.

But other vices youths copy of themselves; while avarice alone they have to be enjoined to practise, even against their will. For its enormity escapes attention through its virtuous guise and semblance; since its demeanour is grave, its garb and look austere; and the skinflint gets unqualified praise as a thrifty soul, a frugal man, whose money is in surer keeping than if the hoard were guarded by Hesperian or Colchian dragon. Besides, the multitude think him of whom I speak a master of the 'Art of Getting.'

No doubt these are the craftsmen whose fortune grows beneath their hand, but grows by all means fair and foul alike. The anvil ever at work and forge always alight increase its bulk. And so the father too considers a miser's to be a happy disposition; and, worshipping money, and reflecting that never was there an instance of a poor man 'well off,' counsels his sons to follow that path, and join that school of Philosophers. Vice, so to say, has its own alphabet; in this he trains them first, and makes them perfect in the pettiest meannesses. With a short measure he pinches his slaves' bellies, and starves himself as well. Never, indeed, can he bear to eat at once all the decaying scraps of mouldy bread; for 'tis his practice, even in the middle of September, to save the mince of yesterday, and put by for to-morrow's dinner under his seal, aye, even in summer time, the dish of beans and fragments of lacertus or half of a stale shad, and lock up, too, the cut-leek paringsfirst counting them! To such a meal a beggar on a bridge would scorn your invitation. But why amass this wealth at cost of pain like this, when 'tis sheer madness, transparent lunacy, living a pauper's life, to die a millionaire? Meantime, while swells the money-bag with well-filled mouth, the love of pelf is growing fast as the wealth itself has grown; he who has it not covets it least. And so you get a

second manor-house, when one estate does not suffice; and, wishing to extend your bounds, you think your neighbour's field a bigger and a better than your own. That too you buy: his shrubberies, and his hill with its pale olive woods; but, if no price can tempt the owner, you'll send by night upon his green corn-lands your lean kine and starving yokeworn teams, nor drive them home, till all the standing crop has made its way into their ravenous bellies; you'd think that sickles did the work. You scarce could say how many have to mourn over mischief of such sort, how many properties are forced upon the market by outrages like this. 'But what a scandal! What an ugly tale for rumour to blare abroad!' 'What harm?' is his reply. 'I value at less than a pea-pod my neighbours' praise through all the country-side, if I am to reap only a poor handful of corn from a scanty farm.' No doubt you would be free from sickness and infirmity: you'd be exempt from grief and care: long years of life with happier lot from this time forward would be yours, were you sole owner of as much ploughed land as under Tatius' rule the Roman people tilled. In later days even worn-out veterans, who took the knocks of Carthaginian warfare or of the fierce Pyrrhus and his Molossian sabres, received at length, as pay for all their many wounds, barely two acres each. And yet to none of them did this return for blood and toil appear in any case beneath their merits, nor like a breach of faith by a thankless country. A little plot like that would amply satisfy the goodman himself and the population of his hut, where lay a wife in childbed, four youngsters romping round—one slave boy, three young masters; whose grown-up brothers would find, on their return from trenching or from ploughing, a later and more plentiful meal, big steaming pots of porridge. But now-a-days a plot of land like that is not enough for our pleasure-ground. Hence chiefly springs what prompts to crime; and no vice of the human heart has mixed more poison, or handles oftener the assassin's knife, than savage greed for boundless wealth. For he who would be rich would be so quickly; but what respect for law, what fear, what shame is ever found in one who hasteth to be rich? 'Live in contentment with your huts and hills, my lads!' the old Marsian, Hernican, or Vestinian would say in days of yore, 'Let us with the plough win bread sufficing for our board. This gains the favour of the rural gods, by whose help and blessing there came to man disdain for the old oak's fruit, after the welcome boon of corn. He will not hanker for forbidden pleasures who feels no shame in wearing country highlows in the frost, and who with furs

reversed sends the East wind about its business. It is that outlandish purple, whatever it be, unknown to us, that leads to sin and turpitude.' So those old worthies taught their children. But now-a-days, even after autumn's close, a father rouses with a shout his slumbering son at midnight: 'Get up, lad, take your tablets: write: prepare your pleas: peruse the old red-lettered Acts: or else memorialise for a commission. But see that Laelius observes your head innocent of the comb and your hirsute nostrils, and marks admiringly your breadth of shoulder. Pillage the Moorish huts or the Brigantian forts—that so your sixtieth year may bring you the eagle and a fortune. Or, if you hate the camp's monotonous toil, if sound of horn and clarion upset your stomach with fright, procure some stock you may retail at more than half its cost; and don't turn up your nose at aught that's saleable, although tabooed on this side Tiber. And don't suppose there's anything to choose between perfumery and hides. Money smells sweet, however got. Be this truth ever on your lips, worthy of a poet of Heaven, aye, of Jove himself, "None ask how you get; but get you must."' With such an admonition might I speak to any father if urging such like counsels: 'Say, fool, who spurs you on? I guarantee the pupil will beat his master: you may go off, and set your mind at rest. You'll be

surpassed by him, as Telamon was passed by Ajax, and Peleus outdone by Achilles. Allow for his tender years. The taint of full-blown vice has not as vet struck deep. But, when he has begun to comb his beard, and introduce it to a long razor's edge, he'll be a perjured witness, and for a trifle sell his oath, with hand on Ceres' foot and altar. Count your son's wife as dead and buried, if she pass your door with fateful dowry. Ha! What hands are those strangling her as she sleeps! What you would compass sea and land to gain he'll make his way to by a shorter path. A monstrous crime gives one but trifling trouble. You'll say some day, "I never taught him this, nor gave such counsel." And yet with you is the fount and source of his depravity; for he who has inspired a lust for inordinate wealth, and brings his sons up misers by his sinister counsels, relieves them from control, and flings loose reins to the chariot. If you recall him now, he cannot stop. Your warning scorned, he sweeps along, the turning posts left far behind. No one is satisfied to sin but just so much as you allow. So sure are men to give themselves more latitude. Assure a youth that he is a fool who would assist a friend, or would diminish or dispel a kinsman's poverty; you teach him thus to rob, to swindle, and to win by every form of crime that wealth for which your passion is as strong as

was the love of country in the Decii's hearts: as great, too, as Menoeceus felt for Thebes—if true those tales of Greece, where shielded hosts sprout up in furrows from seed of dragon's teeth, and take at once to deadly strife, as if a bugler rose along with them. And so you'll see the fire, the seeds of which yourself supplied, blazing afar and carrying all before it; no, nor, poor wretch, will you be spared, and there, in his own den, the lion you have reared will with a mighty roar despatch his panic-stricken keeper. Your horoscope is known to the astrologers; but it is wearisome to wait upon the tardy distaff. So you must die before your thread of life's run out. Even at this moment you're standing in his light, and baulk his wishes. Your son is plagued with your longevity, tedious as any stag's. Seek an Archigenes at once, and buy the "Mithridatic Mixture," if e'er again you'd pluck a fig, or even cull the roses of another spring. You must procure that drug which every father and king should take before his meals.'

I now point out to you a capital diversion, with which no play and no brave Praetor's show can bear comparison, to watch what peril to one's life the increase of his substance costs, his pile of money-bags in brass-bound coffers, his hoard of gold that Castor with his night-sentry must take in charge, since Mars,

the Avenging God, has lost his helmet even, and failed to save his own effects. Leave, then, all shows of Flora, Ceres, Cybele. Far finer is the farce of human life. What! is there more amusement in figures propelled from a spring-board, and in a practised tight-rope dancer, than in the sight that you afford, for ever haunting that Cilician craft, and making it your house—the everlasting shuttlecock of Mistral and Sirocco—and braving everything, to drive your petty trade of odoriferous bags, and gloating over your cargoes of full-bodied raisin-wine from Crete's classic shore and jars—Jove's fellow-burghers? But he, as he paces on with risky step, by that wage of his gets food, and by that rope of his keeps off the cold and hunger. You risk your life to gain a thousandth talent or a hundredth villa. Behold the harbours and Ocean's self crowded with mighty ships! More men are now at sea than ashore. A fleet will go wherever hope of gain may call, not only scudding o'er Carpathian and Gaetulian seas, but, leaving Calpe far behind, 'twill hear the Sun God hissing as he dips in Hercules' surge. 'Tis well worth while to have paid a visit to the Ocean monsters and the young men of the sea, in order to return to your home with well-crammed money-bags —with swelling port and swollen purse. Each head is turned with its own craze. One in his sister's arms

is in the 'horrors' with the Furies' scowls and firebrands; another stabs a cow, and thinks its lowing the voice of Agamemnon or of the Prince of Ithaca. He may have mercy on his shirts and coats, still that man needs a guardian, who crams a ship with merchandise up to the bulwark's edge-kept from a watery grave by one plank's breadth. And silver, cut into tiny heads and legends, supplies the only ground for all that pain and peril! The rain comes on with lightning. 'Let go the cable,' cries the owner of a 'line' of corn or pepper. 'That colour in the sky is nothing. There's nothing menacing in yon dark cloud-rack; 'tis summer thunder.' That very night mayhap the wretch, swept from his foundering bark, will be engulphed and overwhelmed in billows, clutching his purse with his left hand and teeth. But, should he escape—nay, then the man, whose wishes so recently could not be satisfied with all the gold washed down by Tagus and Pactolus' red sands, will be thankful for the rags that hide his shivering loins and for a scanty meal, begging a copper 'for a shipwrecked sailor,' and making for himself a living with a picture of the storm.

Wealth so hard gotten demands still greater care and anxiety to keep. 'Tis wretched work—this guarding a big fortune. Licinus, the millionaire, posts a squad of his slaves to range the fire-buckets

and keep night-watch, quaking for the amber, and the statues (all his own), and for his Phrygian shafts, his ivory, and broad slabs of tortoise-shell. The naked Cynic's cask does not take fire. Break it, he'll get a new house made to-morrow—even the old one, if soldered, will still serve. Alexander, gazing upon that tub's illustrious tenant, felt how much happier was he, with no desires, than he himself, who craved the whole world for his own, foredoomed to perils that well might counterpoise his glories. Ah, Fortune! thou hast no divinity, if Wisdom be with us. 'Tis we, 'tis we who deify thee. Yet still, if any ask of me what measure of wealth should be enough, then would I say: 'Enough to meet the calls of hunger, thirst, and cold; as much as was enough for thee, O Epicurus, in thy little garden: as much as furnished forth the board of Socrates in earlier days. Never is Nature's voice opposed to Wisdom's. Think you, I bind you down by too ascetic patterns? Add something of our modern notions. Make the sum that which Otho's law thinks worthy of "The Fourteen Rows." If this still makes you frown and pout, take that which represents two Knights, nay, make up a third four hundred thousand. If I have not yet filled your lap, if it still yawns for more, not even Croesus' wealth or Persia's Empire will content your heart, no, nor the riches of Narcissus, whose

every whim the Caesar Claudius humoured, whose every order he obeyed—yea, even to the slaying of his wife!'

XV.

My friend Volusius of Bithynia, who does not know the kind of monsters that that mad country, Egypt, worships? One district adores the crocodile, another stands in awe of an ibis gorged with snakes. The holy long-tailed ape's image glitters in gold where the wizard chords echo from Memnon broken in two, and ancient Thebes with her hundred gates lies in ruins. Here whole towns worship cats, there river-fish, here the dog-but none Diana!* Leek and onion 'tis wicked to desecrate or wound with a bite. Oh, what a holy people! With gods like these a-sprouting in their gardens! No table there but abstains from woolly animals. There 'tis a crime to spill a young kid's blood, while 'tis lawful to feed on human flesh. Likely enough, when Ulysses over the supper-table told the amazed Alcinous of such an atrocity, he found he had roused the gall or ridicule of certain of the company, and figured as a lying jester. 'Is there no one to pitch this fellow into the

^{*} The dog's mistress.

sea, with his inventions of savage Laestrygons and Cyclopes—deserving, as he does, a real Charybdis with a vengeance? I could sooner swallow his tale of Scylla, or of the clashing of the Dark Crags' rocks, or of the skins full of storms, or of Elpenor, when smit by Circe's gentle stroke, falling a-grunting in concert with the crew turned into pigs.' Even thus might one of them have fairly spoken while still sober-one who had drawn the wine but sparingly from the Corcyrean bowl; for the man of Ithaca recited this his tale upon his own authority, unbacked by witnesses. Though strange the tale that I will tell, yet 'tis of things done but the other day in Juncus' consulship, away beyond the walls of parchedup Coptus—tale of a people's crime, of deeds more horrible than all the scenes of tragedy; for in your tragic poets, though you may overhaul all tragic themes from Pyrrha down, there's no crime wrought by a nation. Hear, then, the example which a cruel barbarism has produced for this age of ours.

Between the neighbours Ombi and Tentyra even yet there burns a long-standing feud of remote origin, an undying rancour, an incurable soreness. The mob on both sides are stirred to utmost fury on this account, because each place detests its neighbour's gods, believing none should be esteemed divine but those of its own worship. However, 'twas the holiday

time of one of the two peoples; and the chance seemed to all the great men and leaders of the hostile tribe one to be seized, in order to prevent their enemies enjoying their day of mirth and gaiety and the delights of a big feed, with tables laid in temple and crossway, and couches that know not sleep remaining spread all night and day—still found there sometimes by the seventh morning's sun. See, on the one side, men dancing to a negro-piper: perfumes (such as they were!), flowers, and no lack of garlands on their heads; and, on the other side, hate—on an empty stomach! But, to proceed, when passions are on fire, taunts are the first thing heard —the bugle-call to the fray. Then with answering cheers they charge, and, failing weapons, bare hands do the cruel work. Few are the cheeks ungashed. Scarcely one-indeed, none-in all the crowd of combatants has got a whole nose left. And now all through the lines you might see mutilated faces, features disfigured, cheeks cut open, bones starting out, fists dripping with the blood from men's eyes. Still they think themselves only sporting, only like children playing 'at soldiers,' because trampling on no corpses. And what's the good, indeed, of all those thousands of fighting mobsmen, if none are to be killed? And so they charge more furiously; and now set to at hurling stones, which with bended

arms they had gathered on the ground (handy weapons for a riot), but no such stone as Turnus and Ajax hurled, none heavy as that with which the son of Tydeus smote Aeneas' hip, but such as hands quite different from theirs—the creation of our own age—could fling. For this race of ours was on the wane already even in Homer's life-time. The men that Earth breeds now-a-days are little and bad; so any god* that ever deigned to look at them laughs at, as well as hates, them.

But to resume my story from this digression. When, reinforced, the one side dares to draw the sword, and to renew the fight with a discharge of arrows, the dwellers in Tentyra, near neighbour to the shady palms, show their backs in headlong flight, the men of Ombi on their heels. At this point one man in excess of terror overruns himself, slips, and is taken. Then the mob of conquerors cut him up into many scraps and morsels, so that the single corpse might be shared among the multitude—and then ate up the whole of him and picked the bones; nor did they cook him either in seething pot or on the spit: such very tiresome, tedious work they thought it to wait for a fire, right well contented with the carcass Here we may well rejoice they did not desecrate the fire Prometheus stole from Heaven's

^{*} In allusion to the doctrine of the Epicureans.

topmost height, and gave to Earth. Congratulations. Element! You must be glad, I'm sure. However, the man who did not flinch from chewing 'corpse' never ate anything with greater gusto than that meat. Ask not nor wonder if, when the crime was one so great, only the first to taste it relished it. I tell you, the last who stood there waiting, when the whole corpse was now consumed, scraping his fingers along the ground, secured himself a taste of blood. The Vascones, so runs the tale, prolonged their lives in days of old on food like this. But, then, the case was different. There there was fortune's spite, war's extremities, a desperate plight, the frightful famine of a long blockade. When every green thing and every living thing had been used up, and everything to which the rage of craving stomach drove them (their very foemen pitying their pale and haggard faces and skeleton frames), they tore to pieces in their hunger the limbs of others, ready to eat—aye, even their own! Say, who of men or gods could refuse forgiveness to bellies that had suffered such fell extremities? The very ghosts of the men whose bodies they were eating might well have pardoned them. 'Tis true that Zeno's maxims teach us better. Their doctrine is that some things, but not all things, should be done to save one's life. But how should a Cantabrian be a Stoic, and that, too, in old Metellus'

time? Nowadays, it's true, all the world has got the culture of both Greece and Rome; Gaul, home of eloquence, has taught the Britons to be pleaders; Iceland now talks of hiring a rhetorician. Still that noble people, whom we have mentioned, and Zagynthos, too—their equal in valour and honour: more than their equal in suffering—have some excuse to plead for such an act. But Egypt is more ruthless yet than the Maeotic Altar. For that Tauric goddess, foundress of horrid rites—that for the moment you may grant credible what poems relate —just sacrifices and no more; the victim has nothing further, nothing more grievous than the knife to fear. But what strait, then, impelled these to their purpose? What extremity of famine, or what warfare menacing their bulwarks, drove them to venture on so hateful an atrocity? Could they, if Memphis' land went dry, bring any worse* reproach upon the Nile, because 'twas loth to rise? A frenzy never known to the dread Cimbri, or Britons, or to the fell Sauromatians, or savage Agathyrsi—such frenzy fires that tame and worthless mob, whose wont it is to set the puny sails of clay canoes, and strain their muscles over the stumpy paddles of their gay craft of earthenware. No punishment that you'll invent can match their crime; nor can you devise fit chastisement for

^{*} i.e., by a more terrible sacrifice even than this.

tribes like these, in whose nature anger has equal and like effect with hunger. That the heart she gives mankind is very tender Nature herself avows, that Nature who bestowed on us the gift of tears of sympathy—our best emotion. She prompts us to grief for the mournful guise of a friend pleading his cause, a prisoner at the bar, or for a ward calling his cheating guardian into court—the sex of that tearful face made doubtful by his girlish locks. It is at Nature's bidding that we weep, when a grown maiden's funeral meets us, or when the earth closes upon a babe too little for the flame of the pyre. For what good man, who that is worthy of the mystic torch, who such as Ceres' priest would have him be, thinks anyone's troubles no concern of his? 'Tis this which separates us from the herd of speechless brutes, and 'tis for this that we alone who have received a reverential mind, made, as we are, to take in holy things, fitted to exercise and apprehend the arts of life, have from high Heaven derived the power of sympathy, which creatures lack that stoop and stare at earth. In the world's young days our common Author granted to them merely the boon of life, to us of mind as well, that mutual feelings of regard might urge us to seek and render aid, to draw the scattered into a people, to shift our quarters from the ancestral woods, and leave the groves that were our

grandsires' homes, to build houses, to rear another roof-tree next our home, that confidence born of union might vouchsafe us sleep secured by a neighbour's threshold, to protect with arms a fellowcitizen prostrate or staggering beneath a heavy blow, to sound war-signals on a common trumpet, to screen ourselves behind the self-same walls, and to be closed in by the key of a common portal. But, as it is, there's greater concord among snakes. beast of like race is tender to its spotted kin. When has a stronger lion taken a brother-lion's life? In what woodland has ever boar expired by tusk of larger boar? The Indian tigress with savage tigress keeps the peace unbroken; and there is harmony between fierce bears. But for man it is not enough to have fashioned the fatal blade upon the accursed anvil, although the smiths of yore, trained to forge nought but mattocks and hoes, and weary with making pick and ploughshare, knew not how to shape the sword. We see whole nations now, whose wrath mere murder does not satisfy, but they must needs regard their victim's chest, and arms, and face as articles of food. What would Pythagoras, then, say, or whither would he not take flight, could he see such horrors as these to-day—he who abstained from all brutes' flesh as if 'twas man's, nor even allowed his belly pulse—at least not every kind?

XVI.

Who, Gallius, can recount the advantages of lucky soldiering? Why, if I could but enter a crack regiment, I would the camp-gate might give welcome to myself, a shy recruit—but might it be beneath a lucky star! For greater in its influence is one hour of favouring fortune than an introduction to Mars by letter from Venus, or by that mother of his, who loves the beach of Samos.

First, touch we on the privileges that all enjoy. This will prove not the least of them—that no civilian would dare to thrash you: nay, should he be thrashed, he'd hush it up, nor venture to show the Praetor his knocked-out teeth, the mass of dark discoloured swellings on his face, his eye, left there, indeed, but despaired of by his doctor. And, if you'd get redress for this, the judge assigned you is a soldier's boot and burly calves to occupy the capacious bench, for the old martial law and the rules of Camillus are observed, that no soldier shall be a litigant outside the camp or far from the standards. 'So the Centurions' trial of a soldier's case is thoroughly fair; nor shall I fail of redress if a good case of grievance be presented.' Nay, but the whole battalion is opposed to you, and all the companies, acting in perfect concert, take good care

that the redress you get shall need a doctor's treatment, too, and prove more grievous even than the wrong. And so it would be worthy of the mulish wits of that ranter Vagellius, when you have but two legs, to fall foul of so many soldiers' boots, so many thousand hobnails. Besides this, who'd go all that way from Town? Who would be such a Pylades, as to advance beyond the big Embankment? Dried be our tears at once, nor let us worry our friends, so sure to make excuses. When the judge says, 'Produce your witness,' should one who saw the fisticuffs, whoever he may be, dare say, 'I saw it,' him would I deem worthy the beard, worthy the long locks of the men of old. You could more readily bring forward a false witness against a civilian than one to speak the truth to the hurt of purse or honour of a man-at-arms.

Now mark we the other prizes and the other gains from enlistment. Say an unscrupulous neighbour has filched from me a glade or meadow of my family lands, and dug up from the middle of the boundary-line the sacred stone, which my beans and flat cake have yearly honoured, or if a debtor persists in not repaying the cash he borrowed, saying the signature is forged, the document worthless, I have to wait a twelvementh ere the first hearing of—the whole nation's suits! And even then we must put

up with a thousand delays, a thousand hindrances; so often does a cushion only occupy the Bench! And, even while Caedicius the Eloquent is putting off his cloak, and Fuscus is getting ready, though fully equipped for battle, we have to part, and so we wage our strife in the Court's wearisome arena. But for the men who dress in armour, and are girt with baldrics, the time that suits them is the time appointed for the pleading, nor is their substance wasted by the Law's tedious drag.

Besides, to soldiers only is the right allowed of making bequests during their fathers' lifetime; for what is earned by military service the Law directs shall form no part of that property of which the father has entire control. And so Coranus, who marches with the standards, and earns the regimental pay, is courted for his fortune by his own father now palsied with age. Well-merited favour gives the soldier his promotion, and pays the due reward to his honest efforts. Clearly it seems the interest of the General himself that he who is brave should likewise be most lucky: that all may pride themselves upon their trappings, all on their golden collars—

* * * * *

NOTES.

iii. 104.

['And so we're no match for them. He has the best of it, who never fails by night or day to take his cue,' &c.]

The verse is condemned by Jahn and Ribbeck, though contained in all the MSS., and quoted by John of Salisbury.

iii. 113.

['They're bent on finding out the secrets of the family, and so being feared.']

Contained in all the MSS., but suspected by Heinrich and Ribbeck.

iii. 281.

['Can't he, then, get sleep in any other way? Nay, with some it is a brawl that brings sleep.']

Condemned by Heinecke, Ribbeck, and Weise.

iv. 8.

['No bad man is happy: least of all, a seducer, and one guilty of incest too, who,' &c.]

If this verse be retained, the note of interrogation at line 10 in Mr Mayor's text must, of course, be altered.

iv. 78.

['For were the Prefects, then, anything else, when the best of them, &c., &c., the most upright expounder of the Law, fancied,' &c.]

A verse condemned by Heinrich and Ribbeck.

iv. 153.

'Cerdo, $\kappa \epsilon \rho \delta \omega \nu$, seems to have been a proper name, given to slaves and common people, so that it naturally stands for one of the rabble, the "Hob and Dick" of Shakespeare's Coriolanus. . . The notion that it means a cobbler seems to be founded on Martial, 3. 59. 1, 99. 1, where it is coupled with "Sutor," as it is with "faber" in an inscription in Spon's Misc. p. 221, referred to by Jahn.' (Conington, n. on Pers. iv. 51.)

v. 51.

['Did I complain just now you were not served with the same wine? The very water that you drink,' &c.]

Contained in all the MSS., but condemned by Heinrich and Jahn.

v. 66.

['Every great house is full of these supercilious menials.']

Condemned by Heinrich and Ribbeck.

v. 91.

['—why, it protects one even from deadly snakes.'] Omitted by Pithou's MS., and condemned by Ruperti, Heinrich, Jahn, Ribbeck, and Weber.

v. 140.

['A barren wife makes a delightful and a valued friend.']

Condemned by Jahn and Ribbeck.

v. 146—8.

A liint for the translation of these lines has been taken from Mr Palmer's rendering, *Hermathena*, II., p. 391.

vii. 15.

The MSS. have 'equitesque.' In other passages in

Juvenal (x. 162, xv. 1) the first syllable of 'Bithyni' is long: so also in Horace. Professor Munro would omit the particle; see his note on p. 276 of Mr Mayor's edition, vol. I. The verse is condemned by Jahn.

vii. 51.

['the evil habit holds fast in its toils the victim of ambition; yea, that incurable itch for the pen has many a one in its grip, and '&c.]

Jahn and Ribbeck reject v. 51, and alter 'ambitiosi' to 'ambitiosum.'

vii. 112.

The view taken of the meaning by Madvig and Mayor is supported by Conington in his note on Persius, ii. 33.

vii. 138.

['but Rome is prodigal and observes no limits to expense.']

Condemned by Heinrich and Ribbeck.

vii. 181.

['Nay, better here! where his well-groomed mule's hoof takes no stain.']

Condemned by Heinrich and Ribbeck.

viii. 7.

['by showing off a Corvinus in your big table of pedigree: by your affinity through many a branch of your tree with smoke-begrimed,' &c.]

Verse 7 appears in P., but is omitted in many MSS., and rejected by Weise, Ruperti, Jahn, Heinrich, and the commentators generally.

viii. 111—2.

['if a solitary deity still remains in his little shrine. Such things, indeed, now represent the highest prizes, for such things now are the best to be had.']

The verses are rejected by Jahn, Ribbeck, and Manso, and the words 'haec—maxima' by Heinrich and others.

viii. 124.

['javelin and helmet. The plundered still have got their arms.']

Condemned by Jahn and Lachmann.

viii. 160.

['the Syrophoenician, who dwelt at the Edomite Pass.'] Omitted in one MS.

viii. 202-3.

['he scouts them, and detests them; nor does he conceal his features with a helmet.']

Ribbeck omits 'et damnat—abscondit;' Ruperti, Weise, and Heinrich condemn v. 202.

xi. 99.

['Well, and the food was just of a piece with house and furniture.']

Rejected by Heinrich, Jahn, and Ribbeck; suspected by Markland (see Mayor's note). Contained in all the MSS.

xi. 161.

['for wine and cupbearer have one and the same native land.']

Heinrich, Ribbeck, and Markland (see Mayor's note) condemn the verse.

xi. 165—6.

['Married women, with their husbands at their sides, gaze at this sight, though one would blush to speak of it before them.']

Omitted in several MSS., and rejected by Heinrich, Jahn, and Ribbeck.

xii. 29.

['and a like misfortune befell our friend Catullus.']

xii. 50—1.

['Some men don't make their fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by depravity, live to make fortunes.']

Condemned by Bentley, Heinrich, Ruperti, Jahn, and Markland (see Mayor's note), although contained in all the MSS.

xiii. 90.

['Another fears that punishment attends on crime.']

xiii. 153.

The vulgate is defended by Professor Brady. (Hermathena, III. pp. 195, 6.) He takes minor (in line 150) as a predicate, and thus explains the passage:—'The minor sacrilegus is one of the greater thieves, who, not finding any ancient cups or gifts of nations (haec ibi si non sunt), so turns out on this occasion, a sacrilegus on a smaller scale in that he (qui radat) only scratches the gold off a statue; nor does he hesitate to do this, for he is accustomed, when he has a chance, to melt down the Thunderer himself. There is no difficulty in the singular minor after Nos above; he is an individual thief out of the class qui tollunt grandia templi pocula; he would do this on the present occasion, too, but haec ibi non sunt, so he perforce exstat minor sacrilegus.'

xiii. 183.

['indeed, however insignificant the occasion, it is sufficient to enrage them.']

Condemned by Heinrich.

xiii. 187-9.

['For blest Philosophy divests us by degrees of almost every natural taint and every wrong belief. She gives us our first lesson in what is right.']

xiii. 236.

['The nature of the bad is for the most part fickle and unstable.']

xiv. 125.

['and soon he instils the unquenchable desire for money-getting.']

['This old dry-nurses teach to boys before they walk; and this the girls all learn before their A, B, C.']

There is great variety of reading in the MSS.

xiv. 229.

Omitted by some of the MSS. Condemned by Heinrich, Jahn, and Ruperti; it is unintelligible as it stands.

xv. 44-48.

[('Egypt, indeed, is savage enough, yet in luxuriousness, so far as I have myself observed, its mob of barbarians does not yield to infamous Canopus.) Add this, too, that victory is quite easy to gain over men drunk, stammering, staggering in their cups.']

Condemned by Francke and Heinrich.

['for the instance, of which I now speak, of this kind of food should wake our pity, seeing that the nation I have just named,' &c.]

Condemned by Francke.

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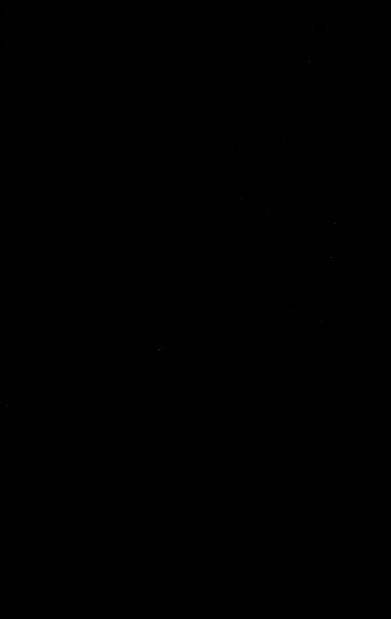
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